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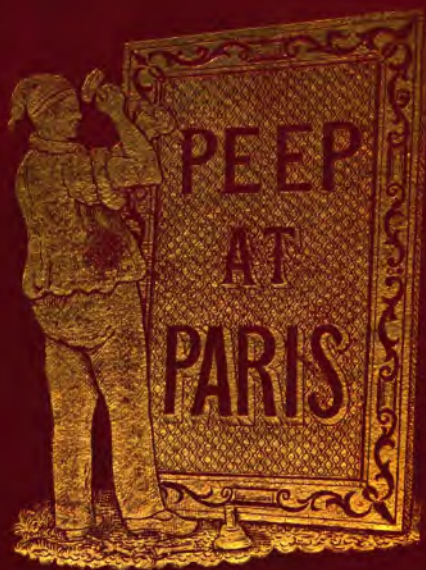
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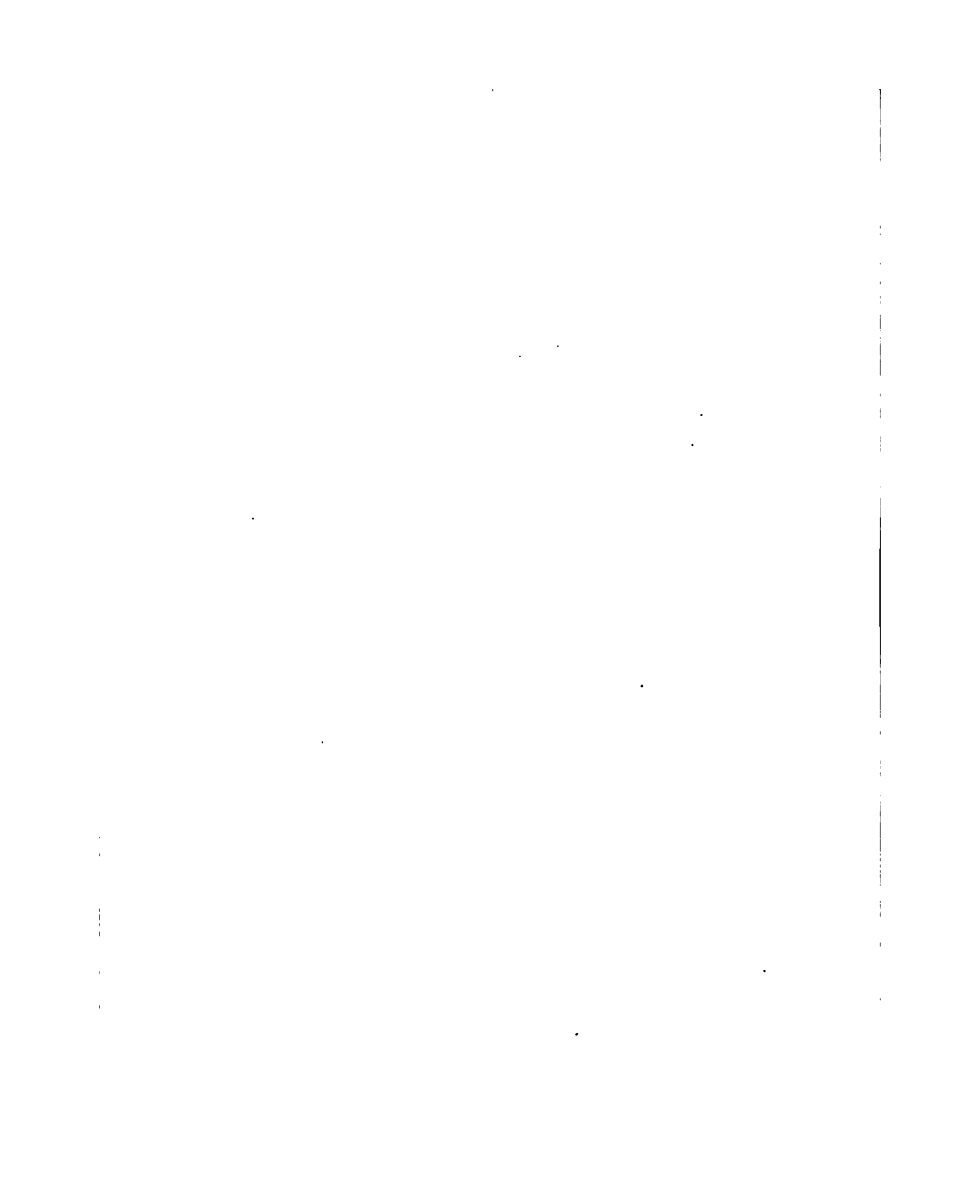


PETER PARLEY'S

PEEP AT PARIS.



DARTON AND CO.



PETER PARLEY'S PEEP AT PARIS;

DESCRIPTIVE OF

ALL THAT IS WORTH SEEING AND TELLING, AND OF
ALL THAT IS WORTH KNOWING, OF THE
CAPITAL CITY OF FRANCE.



PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS BY
DARTON AND CO., HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

—
1848.



LONDON:

W LEWIS AND SON, FINCH LANE, CORNHILL.

TO THE
PEOPLE AND THEIR CHILDREN,
WITH
AN EARNEST DESIRE
THAT THE TWO GREAT CIVILIZED NATIONS,
ENGLAND AND FRANCE,
MAY EVER REMAIN ON THE TERMS OF
Peace and friendship.

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PETER PARLEY'S PEEP AT PARIS.

CHAPTER I.

SOMETHING BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

“PEEPING PETER,” I think I hear my young friends call out. And a most interesting peep I have had, I can tell you. Old as I am, and much as I have seen in my time, I must confess that I have never seen so much to engage my attention pleasantly within such a short time.

How it was that Peter Parley had not had a peep at Paris before the present year, I shall not stay to tell you; but that he *has* seen it now, the following pages will prove beyond question.

But first let me thank Providence for the great blessings of a thirty years' peace. The time was

when we used to hate the French, because they ate frogs and wore wooden shoes. But now we can (that is, I am sure I can) see much to admire in them; and, although they may not heave up an anchor, or run up a rattling quite so smoothly as John Bull, yet they have qualities not to be despised nor disliked, I can assure you.

I am one of those (as, I dare say, my young readers very well know) who like to take the rough with the smooth, thinking that the rough serves to set off the smooth, and the smooth acts as a sauce to the rough. I would shut the man up in prison that goes out to grumble. When Peter Parley goes out, he goes out to seek for what is good and pleasant; to laugh at unavoidable inconveniences and disasters (when they are not too serious), and to look at everything through his dear old rose-coloured spectacles. Nothing worth having is to be got by grumbling and finding fault; and by giving way to such a disposition, we may very soon get into a state of mind in which we are neither able to enjoy anything ourselves, nor to allow other people to do so.

But to return to my subject. For a long time, a bitter feeling existed between the French and the English. The nations were at war with each other, and we used to cut at them here and cut them out there, and to blockade them in one place and bombard them in another. Sometimes we met them on land, and sometimes at sea. We generally beat them, and always hated them. This feeling extended to little folks of the two nations, and children were taught that there was a natural antipathy between an Englishman and a Frenchman, just as there is between a dog and a cat. The French thought that John Bull was everything that is coarse and vulgar, haughty, and purse-proud; whilst, in his turn, the Englishman looked on Mounseer (as he termed him) as a contemptible, fickle, and frivolous creature.

Now there may be something of truth in both these opinions. Perhaps John Bull is purse-proud, and Monsieur frivolous. Still these qualities do not make up the character of either nation. And as I should wish the Frenchman to do me justice, I am willing

to extend the same to him. We are neither of us perfect, but both of us have some good qualities ; and when we speak of each other's faults, we should do so in a spirit of candour and moderation. I do not know that I like to see the women doing nearly all the work, or that I like to see the Sunday spent like any other day. These evils, and some others that I have no business with just now, were in part the result of the anarchy of the bloody revolution which happened in 1789. One of the most distressing consequences of that event, and of the circumstances that led to it, was, that the hold that religion once had over the minds of the people was loosened, and a sceptical spirit was then raised amongst them, which made them hold in contempt the most essential truths of revelation ; and, unfortunately, sounder views are but slowly returning.

The French are volatile. They sometimes take up opinions without reflection ; are easily misled into a wrong course of action from the same cause ; and, having some vanity, they will not easily renounce the opinions, however erroneous, which they have once

adopted, except when their fancy dictates a change. This is the worst I can say of them.

Of their other qualities, it is more agreeable to speak. They are cheerful, social, and exceedingly polite and intelligent. They are very active and industrious in their way. With great quickness of intellect they often make great discoveries; and their admiration of, and respect for, talent is universal and unbounded. As to their taste in architecture, there may be some difference of opinion concerning it; but for elegance of design in small articles, few nations come near them. On the whole, I am pleased with the French, and sincerely admire and respect much that I see in them. I heartily hope, that for many ages we may be their "loving brothers," and that a close connection between the countries may lead to our copying all that is good in them, and of their copying all that is good in us, that both nations may become wiser and better.

So sayeth Peter Parley; and I hope my young friends will respond to me with cordial assent.

CHAPTER II.

PARLEY SETS OUT ON HIS TOUR.—STORY OF A LADY AND HER
LAP-DOG.—THE VOYAGE.

WHO would ever have thought, when I was a boy, that a little hot water would take a thousand persons from London to Southampton, a distance of 80 miles, in a little more than two hours? Such is, however, the case every day; and one day in the spring of this year, amongst the thousand persons that travelled thus quickly was Peter Parley, with his carpet bag in his hand—or, rather, stowed away under the seat. Away we went; every one that I saw with a smiling face. No; there was just one exception to this, to prove the rule, as the saying is. I must tell you of this exception.

When the train stopped at Kingston, a young man appeared with a very stout lady, having an enormous bunch of flowers in her bonnet, three immense broad tucks in her dress, with flounces to match, a reticule with three golden tassels, a parasol with an elegant



lace fringe, and a spaniel of the King Charles's kind, in a string. She came rapidly out of the station-house, and was pushed, "sans ceremonie," by the young man into the carriage where I was sitting. At

that moment the steam-whistle was heard; its echo was a scream equally piercing from the lady. "Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh!" said she—"I am in a steam"—carriage she would have said, I suppose, but rage or fear checked her voice.

"Oh, you deceiving, wicked, cruel youth! I am sure we shall be killed! Here, stop, stop; let me get out. I will not go by steam; that I will not." But the train was off at the rate of forty miles an hour, and all her crying was in vain.

The lady continued to vociferate, and the young gentleman tried to appease her rage and terror. He told her she was perfectly safe—that he had certainly deceived her, but that he did it with a good intention, to shorten her journey. He added, that there was no coach to Basingstoke, with many other excuses of a similar kind. But the lady was deaf to the voice of comfort, and screamed and roared till she fell into strong hysterics and fainted, or feigned to faint—I don't know which. But she did not recover till the train stopped at the Basingstoke station.

When it did stop, the lady renewed her outcries.

"Basingstoke," called out the policeman—"Basingstoke!"

"No—I will never go to Basingstoke. I never rode on a train in my life, and I never will. Let me get out—let me get out," she said, like Sterne's starling, "let me get out." So the lady got out, and the young man, who proved to be her nephew, with her.

"I will not go to Basingstoke at all," she said, in more calm accents, when she felt herself on terra firma. "If there are no coaches I will post there, if ever I do go; but nothing in the world shall induce me to go to Basingstoke by steam."

What became of the lady I know not; but we left her. How her nephew made her believe that she was at Basingstoke I cannot tell; but I must own I should like to have witnessed her surprise when she found that she had been conveyed there without knowing it.

Nothing further occurred of importance till we reached Southampton, except that one gentleman lost his hat, and wanted to jump out after it; and that a

scale of red-hot iron fell from the chimney of the engine, and burnt a hole in a lady's bonnet, for which she wanted reparation at the terminus. We reached Southampton before six o'clock in the evening, having left London at three.

The *Magician* was lying at the quay, ready to receive us. A splendid boat she is too. Peter Parley was the first on board, and immediately went to secure his berth ; a very proper precaution for a voyager who wishes to have a good night's rest, and especially important for an old man, as you may all imagine, and as you will feel some day.

The night was fine, and the sea calm ; the sun set in rosy-coloured clouds, and the day "died like the dolphin," as the saying is. As the sun went down into the west, the moon rose in the east, and just as the *Magician* reached Spithead began to cast her mild lustre upon the waters.

I stayed on deck, watching the moon as she rose in the sky, while my native land faded from my view. The last look I took was of some of the high cliffs or the Isle of Wight, which people designate the *back*

of the island. I began to feel rather sentimental, and very cold; contemplative, and rather hungry—with my intellect sharpened, but my appetite more so. The lower instinct impelled me below, where a pleasant sight to a hungry man met my view in a table well set out with good things. After I had lost my appetite in the most agreeable of all modes, I went on deck again, and talked for some time with the captain and some of the passengers. But soon did Morpheus present me with a nightcap, and politely beckoned me to my berth, into which I squeezed myself. In doing this, I put my foot upon the head of the passenger over whose berth I had to mount; for the unfortunate gentleman popped his head out just at this unlucky moment to make some inquiry of the steward. I begged his pardon, popped into my little crib within a few inches of the sea, laid myself down snugly, and never woke till I heard the cry of “Havre.”

CHAPTER III.

PARLEY REACHES HAVRE.—THE RIVER SEINE.—HARFLEUR.—HONFLEUR.—EAGLE TOWER, AND ITS ROMANTIC STORY.—QUILLEBEUF.—CAUDEBEC.

THE sun rose upon Havre about half-past five in the morning, and so did Peter Parley; and when he went upon deck, the steamer was just entering the mouth of the River Seine, which is here five or six miles broad.

As we entered the harbour, which is on one side of the mouth of the river, we saw to the right the hills above Honfleur, and to the left the rich hills of Ingouville and Grasville. To the east of the fortifications of Havre are some houses, surrounded by clumps of trees on a long ridge, which look very pleasant, and form a back ground to the view of the

town. The harbour is a very famous one. The mole, which terminates the north jetty, dates from 1791, as well as the little beacon, which serves as a landmark to vessels entering the port, and also as a guide to coasting vessels along the Seine. There is one remarkable circumstance at Havre respecting the tides—namely, that high water continues for three hours—an invaluable advantage for the frequent entrance and departure of vessels. Something similar occurs on the opposite side of the English Channel, probably arising from the same cause. In Southampton water, the tide continues at its full height for an hour. The town of Havre is strongly fortified ; being surrounded by walls, and defended by a citadel, which is considered the most regular and best constructed in France. It is believed to have been founded by Louis XII. ; but when Francis I. ascended the throne, in 1515, the harbour was but a mere creek, in which fishermen sought refuge in stormy weather, and the village had no church, but a small chapel, dedicated to *our Lady of Grace*, which has long disappeared.

Francis the First built a town here, and fortified it against the English. By a curious fatality, Francis lost the battle of Pavia and his liberty, and Havre was almost destroyed by an inundation, in the same year. When this monarch was restored to France, he repaired the ruined buildings of Havre, and built a ship of a thousand tons—quite a colossus in its time, having on board a forge, windmill, chapel, tennis court, and being complete in all respects, except that it would not float.

In 1545, when a fleet of two hundred vessels in the roadstead of Havre menaced the English, Francis the First came to Havre with his court, and gave a grand fête on board this celebrated ship. During the rejoicings, the ship kitchen took fire; the ship was instantly in a blaze, and the royal party had scarcely left it, when, in the midst of the flames, a hundred pieces of cannon, charged for the purpose of being fired off in honour of the fête, went off with a single and most tremendous volley, and the ship was destroyed.

The roadstead of Havre is capable of holding the

whole navy of France, and it may be entered with almost any wind. The port consists of three basins, separated by four sluices, which admit the passing of two frigates. The docks form the segment of a vast circle. In these are some vessels ready for sea;



some with their keels up, others building; while the din of hammers, the squeaking of cranes, and the rattle of merchandize, give proof of active and extensive commerce, which the town carries on with nearly all the maritime states of Europe and America. Havre has also considerable manufactures, of which the principal are tobacco, cordage, lace, and china.

Behind the town is the beautiful suburb of Ingouville, on the brow of a hill partly wooded, and studded with a few pretty houses. The population of Havre is about 30,000, and it is forty-five leagues from the city of Rouen, to which I next directed my course.

Entering the French steamer, called the *Seine*, we now began our voyage up that noble river, with wind and tide in our favour. On the left might be seen, at the foot of two hills, a whitish spire. It was the elegant steeple of the church of Harfleur. Formerly, the bell of this steeple tolled every morning a hundred and four times, in honour of the same number of citizens who had the courage and generosity to save their homes from the odious yoke of foreigners. On one of the hills which overlook the steeple are some charming terraces, the delightful rendezvous, during the fine season, of the inhabitants of Havre.

In the midst of some fine trees, which crown the summit of a hill on the opposite side, rises the chapel dedicated to Notre Dame-de-Grace ("our Lady of Grace"), served formerly by Capuchin friars. It is

a custom that shipwrecked sailors should here offer up their prayers of thanksgiving. The walls of the chapel are hung with offerings presented by seaworn-mariners.

In a small bay, sheltered by a continuation of the Hill of Grace and several other small hills, you perceive, at a distance, the town and port of Honfleur. Formerly, large fleets sailed from this port; but it is now choked up by shingle. It was from Honfleur that Binot Paulmier sailed. He was the first Frenchman who doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1503. He afterwards discovered New Holland. Lelièvre, who sailed from Dieppe in 1617 with three vessels, and established commercial intercourse with the natives of Java and Sumatra, and Peter Berthelot, a



pilot, who sailed to India in these early days, were all natives of Honfleur.

Having put on shore a few passengers at Honfleur, the steamer pursued her way up the Seine; and hills, forests, towns, and hamlets, were passed by in rapid succession. Two leagues from Honfleur is Grestain and its abbey, famous for being the place of interment of Harletta, the mother of William the Conqueror. A little further on is seen the steeple of Conteville; and on the opposite bank of the Seine is St. Vigor and its cavern, which is fabled as the scene of many adventures; and in a small bay, and surrounded on all sides by a rich vegetation, are seen the two castles of Tankerville, recalling reminiscences of the time when knight met knight in the tournament or tilted field. Many such adventures are to be found in the Norman chronicles, which mention the quarrels of the chamberlains of Tankerville and the lords of Harcourt. An old mill, which was the subject of their frequent quarrels, is still pointed out. To the east of the castle is situated the Eagle Tower, of which a

romantic love story is told concerning a young lady who was shut up in it, but at last stolen away by the address and perseverance of her lover ; but the lady and her lover afterwards met with a watery grave in the Seine. Here it was, also, that M. P. Le Brun shut himself up while he composed the tragedies of "Ulysses" and of "Mary Stuart." At the summit of a cliff on the opposite side of the Gorge of Tankerville is the Giant's Stone ; an immense mass, which, from the height of 200 feet, appears as if ready to fall on the head of the beholder.

A town now appeared before us on the right side of the Seine, and the steamer moved towards it. Its name was Quillebeuf, well known and dreaded by sailors, from its roadstead being covered with reefs and sandbanks. The steamer did not go very close in, owing to these obstructions. But pilots abound ; and, although a little above Quillebeuf, at Vieux Port, a formidable shifting bar presents itself, we had only to slacken our speed to ensure safety. At Villequier the bar ceases to be formidable, and here the scene increases in gaiety, richness, and grandeur, be-

yond all that I had seen since my departure from Havre. The banks of the river display all their magnificence at Caudebec, which was seen on our left. The view from the quay and Caudebec is said to be one of the finest in France, on account of the course which the Seine takes, both above and below this point. If you look towards the town, a Gothic steeple, ornamented with wreaths of roses, ingeniously sculptured in stone, rises in the midst of a group of trees and houses.

The famous Talbot governed this town in 1442; a great part of France being at that time subject to the English. Caudebec had surrendered by capitulation to the Earl of Warwick, but the inhabitants broke out into rebellion, and the English stationed at Harfleur immediately sent over a force, and a bloody battle was fought at Tankerville, in which above a thousand of the French lost their lives. This town remained in possession of the English till 1449, when it was restored to the French crown by treaty.

Passing the castle of Mailleraie on the right, we come to Guerbaville, with its long street losing itself

in the south. It is famous for ship-building; the finest vessels engaged in the trade of Rouen having, for many years past, been built here. And now, as we proceeded along, we met numerous small fishing boats, which wage here an endless war with the shad, the salmon, the spurling, and other fish of less note. After this the river becomes narrower, and the landscape rather monotonous.

A little above Caudebec, in the middle of the Seine, on a small islet, once stood the monastery of Belcinac. It was of some note in 1349; but the island and monastery have alike disappeared, and the river passes over their sites. "Now," says M. Langlois, in a learned essay on St. Wandrille, "the wrecked skiff rests on the bottom of the abyss—on the unseen ruins of those bold vaults, and of those proud turrets which had been for so long a time raised aloft in air." In 1641 the island re-appeared above the water, but naked and hideous as death. The sun was no more to vivify its barren soil. It sunk down, and the river again rolled over it.

CHAPTER IV.

NORMANDY.—THE TOMBS OF THE ENERVATED.—STORY OF THE
SONS OF CLOVIS II.—DUNCLAIR.—ROBERT THE DEVIL.

NORMANDY, above any other province in France, was the place preferred by the monks. They covered it with abbeys, convents, and monasteries; and from this it has been called the "Land of Châteaux and Churches." There are many ruins of these buildings, which now seem to beautify the prospect still remaining. One of these, and a noble one it was, I saw on the left of the river as we passed onwards. It was founded by St. Philibert in the year 654, and was rebuilt by William Longue Epée, son of Rollo, in 930. The two towers seen in the cut—one 155

feet high—and serve as marks for the navigators of the Seine.



There was formerly in the church of St. Peter of Jumiéges a tomb, on which stood the statues of two young men, richly dressed. It was called “The Tomb of the Enervated,” from the following circumstance :—

Clovis II., successor of Dagobert, had five sons. Having gone to visit the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem, he left Bathilde, his wife, regent of the kingdom.

Two of the sons entered into a conspiracy for dethroning their father; but the King returned, and apprehended the rebels. The judges, however, were tardy in condemning the sons of the King; but Bathilde determined that rebellious children should not go unpunished. She said that, as they had raised their arms against their father, it would be right that their arms should suffer. She therefore ordered the sinews of their arms to be cut, and they were then put into a small boat, with provisions, on the river Seine, without rudder or oars. They drifted down, till the boat touched at the monastery called Jumiéges, where they were received by the Abbot, and became brothers of the monastery. There they lived and died; and it is their tomb that is called "The Tomb of the Enervated." Jumiéges has other claims to celebrity besides monkish traditions. It was there that Charles VII., after having expelled the English army from Normandy, came to enjoy the fruits of solitude, so necessary to him after the storms of political life. He built a country-house here, which, half a century ago, the monks used as a dormi-

tory, and which was then called "Old Charles the Seventh."

The river near this place makes a long bend, and, after taking a course of nine miles, brings us back within half-a-mile of Jumiéges, and then passes on towards Dunclaire on the left as we ascend ; and now the river becomes very beautiful. On the left, a line of fine hills, thickly-wooded, and of very singular form, make their appearance. You might imagine them to be the vertebræ of a giant—they are so peculiar in shape, and are so symmetrically placed. Their bases touch each other, and they descend abruptly towards the Seine. Beyond them is the forest of Mauny.

We now approached Dunclaire—a long, straggling village by the side of the Seine. It is, by land, only four leagues from Rouen ; but the river, as if wishing to prolong the charming landscape which is now presented to the traveller, carries him a distance of thirty miles before it brings him to that city.

We next passed a place—well known to the readers of romance—namely, "The Castle of Robert the

Devil," of which the ruins crown the summit of a steep and barren hill. This fine position was chosen by the founder of the castle; but all that now remains of the building is as vague and as shapeless as its chronicle. Traces of moats, a few stones heaped on each other, and the remains of long subterraneous passages, alone attest the work of man. Below the castle, winds the picturesque road to the forest of La Londé.

Who the great man was, having such a formidable handle to his name, it is difficult to say. Whether it was Robert, Duke of Normandy, and father of William the Conqueror, or Robert Courleheuse, son of William himself, or whether it was Rollo, the founder of the family, is not known; but it is generally supposed that this celebrated personage was Robert, the father of the Conqueror.

The banks of the Seine are covered with vast forests. On the south side of the river is seen the forest of Brotonne; on the opposite bank the forest of Trait stretches towards the north; while, further up, the forest of Roumarie spreads its verdure in the

distance. A curious story is told of this forest. Rollo, Duke of Normandy, was a severe lawgiver ; and as the Normans were greatly attached to plunder, he made it a rule to punish by the cord both the robber and the receiver. One day, after having hunted in this forest, Rollo, in sport, hung his bracelets on an oak, and there left them. So great, however, was the terror of the Duke's name, that they remained there for the space of three years.



CHAPTER V.

ROUEN.—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CITY.—THE CATHEDRAL.—
SAINT GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.—TOMB OF RICHARD CŒUR-DE-
LION.—SHRINE OF HIS HEART.—JOAN OF ARC.

WE now began to distinguish in the distance the two towers of the cathedral of Rouen, and the city gradually presented itself to our view. It stands on the right bank of the river Seine (that is, the left as you ascend), and is by far the most interesting, as well as the largest city on the banks of that river, excepting Paris. The surrounding country is fertile and agreeable. It presents a very imposing appearance at a distance, and, though the streets, when you get into them, have not much beauty to recommend them, its

public buildings and historical associations are such, that no traveller can be disappointed with it on the whole.

A large portion of the houses, notwithstanding modern improvements, are built of wood, with each story projecting over the one below it, as was formerly the case in London. Some of the upper stories nearly meet from the opposite sides of the narrow, crooked streets, into which, under such circumstances, light and sunshine can hardly make entrance. The door-posts — window-frames — beam-ends, and other wood-work, with which the front of almost every building is chequered, are frequently ornamented with rich carving, grotesque heads, flowers, and other fanciful devices. At every turning, some relic of antiquity— a pointed arch, the mutilated statue of some saint, or



a Gothic fountain—strikes the eye; while the mouldering magnificence of the cathedral and the other churches, the Palais de Justice, and other public edifices, carries the imagination four or five centuries back, and you seem to be looking upon a scene of the middle ages.

The demolition of the ancient fortifications and castles which defended the approach to the city, with the introduction of the railroad, are almost the only innovations of modern times which disturb the old-fashioned features of this venerable city.

Among the public edifices of Rouen, the cathedral is pre-eminent. It is, indeed, a noble building. It is said to have been founded as early as 260, to have been enlarged by St. Romanis in 623, and afterwards by Archbishop Robert, son of Robert the First, Duke of Normandy, in 942. The greater part of the present structure was erected by Archbishop Maurillus in 1063, and it remains a glorious monument of his taste and magnificence.

Its superb facade is terminated by two lofty towers. That on the right is said to have been partly built by

St. Romanis, but completed, in its present style, by Cardinal D'Amboise in 1842, who also built the tower on the left of the facade, called "The Butter Tower," because it is reported to have been raised with the money collected from the sale of indulgences to eat butter during Lent.

This second tower is a beautiful specimen of the most elaborate Gothic architecture. It is terminated by a flat roof, surrounded by balustrades of stone, and adorned with rich pinnacles, which give it the appearance at a distance of being surmounted by a rich crown. The other tower is also terminated by pinnacles; four of which on each side bear colossal statues. The space between these towers is again divided by four pinnacles, and is covered with the richest and most delicate sculpture.

The central doors are carved, and surmounted by a *basso relievo*, representing the genealogical tree of the "Root of Jesse." But it is impossible properly to describe the sculptured glories of this place, which can only be illustrated by the artist's pencil; and I must, therefore, content myself with a mere general description.

The whole interior length of the edifice is 508 feet ; the nave is 38 feet across ; the transept 150 feet from one side to the other ; and these noble dimensions have a very powerful effect on the spectator as he stands beneath the pointed arches, which spring upwards to a prodigious height. The choir is separated from the lateral aisles by fourteen plain columns, with capitals of leaves.

The lateral aisles on each side of the choir terminate in the Chapel of the Virgin, which contains some of the most beautiful objects in the cathedral. Near the altar is the monument of the cardinals D'Amboise, uncle and nephew, both archbishops of Rouen, consisting of a flat tomb, on which the two cardinals are represented kneeling in their robes. These figures are very finely sculptured. Above their heads, a figure of St. George on horseback adorns the richly-fretted canopy which covers the mausoleum.

Another monument, on the opposite side of the chapel, is equally remarkable for the beauty of its sculpture. It is that of the Grand Seneschal De Brègè,

Governor of Rouen, who died in 1531. His undraped effigy, in black marble, lies upon the tomb, supported by four Corinthian columns. On the side of the tomb he is again represented on horseback, in complete armour. On either side are two females ; one of whom is supposed to represent his wife, at whose expense his monument is said to have been erected. Above the entablature are four allegorical figures of Prudence, Glory, Victory, and Faith.

These monuments deserve attention, not only from the merit of their execution, but also as curious specimens of the style of sculpture, which, towards the end of the reign of Louis XII., and during that of Francis I., connected the Gothic with the revived Grecian by a mixture of the features of both.

The most interesting of the tombs to an English traveller are those of Cœur-de-Lion; of his brother Henry, and of Queen Eleanor. The sepulchres of these illustrious persons are marked by inscriptions on the pavement, which merely record their names and burial ; but the simple name, " Richard of the Lion Heart," supersedes the necessity of a more

splendid epitaph, and awakens all that is needful in the mind of an Englishman. Behind the choir, an inscription marks the burial-place of John, Duke of Bedford, who died in 1435.

In the chapel of the southern transept is the tomb of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy. His effigy, in a recumbent posture, is of painted stone. The feet are broken off. He wears a long robe, with open sleeves, fastened by a brooch to one shoulder. His countenance has a cast of effeminacy, little suited to his bold and enterprising character.

I next visited the Abbey of St. Owen, which was founded in the reign of Clothaire I., in the sixth century, and having been burned, it was rebuilt by Rollo, Duke of Normandy, in the ninth century. Since then, it has been again rebuilt; and since the revolution has been converted into a hôtel de ville, museum, and public library. The interior is a beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture, and the walls are allowed to retain the venerable grey of antiquity. The light, stealing through the coloured windows, falls upon unbroken ranges of clustering columns,

and pointed arches of the most delicate symmetry. The eye strays down the depth of the long-drawn aisles, which, as they recede and pass round the choir, seem of an indefinite extent; while the splendid windows of "our Lady's Chapel," which forms the eastern extremity of the edifice, give the termination of the prospect the radiant but solemn appearance which befits a sanctuary,

"In which a God might dwell."

The Church of St. Maclou is a Gothic edifice, remarkable for its superb portals, especially that one towards the Rue Martainville. They were sculptured in the reign of Henry III. The elaborate detail, delicacy, and precision of the numerous figures and other ornaments are truly astonishing.

The Palais de Justice, in which the ancient Parliament of Normandy held its sittings, was finished in 1499. It consists of a quadrangle, surrounded on three sides by buildings of various dates and styles of architecture. Several flights of steps lead to the Salle des Procureurs, a Gothic room, 170 feet long,

and 50 broad. Its wooden roof resembles the inverted hull of a ship, and its whole style and appearance remind one of Westminster Hall.

One of my first inquiries on entering Rouen was for the monument of the heroic maid of Orleans,



Joan of Arc. I was soon directed to the Place de la Pacelle, or market-place, surrounded by ancient edifices, and having a fountain in its centre, crowned by her statue. The place of her prison, and of the Court by which she was condemned, is on the western side of the small square, and is a heavy, frowning

building. Here it was that that sentence, so disgraceful to the English of those days, was pronounced and carried into effect.

CHAPTER VI.

FRENCH RAILWAYS.—FRENCH WOMEN.—THE FINE AND THE
UNCOMFORTABLE.—PARLEY ENTERS PARIS.

AFTER having seen the Lions of Rouen, and retired to bed fatigued in body, but not wearied, the morning saw me, at an early hour, on the Paris and Rouen Railroad. The French railways are, in many respects, superior to the English, especially in the accommodation of second-class passengers, who sit in good close carriages, with cushions on the seats, and have plenty of room. I remember well enough how we used to be cramped up in our old stage-coaches, and I do not think that our railroad seats are broad

enough for comfort; but here I found everything roomy and comfortable.

And now I began to see the country. It was, indeed, very different to that of England. No trim hedge-rows; no elegant little paddocks, surrounded by elms and beeches; no banks upon which the violet nestled, or on which cowslips breathed their sweet spring fragrance. No clean and comfortable-looking farmhouses, with dovecots topping the lofty trees; no cheerful-looking cottages; no ivy-mantled towers, or pointing spires, or quiet parsonages; no pretty villas or snug nooks where solitude might love to dwell—homesteads of retired affluence. There were none of these; but in their stead were blank plain and forest; the forests covering large spaces, with dwarf trees, and the plains merely intersected by paths or ugly roads; while the land devoted to agricultural purposes seemed ill partitioned and ill cultivated; in many places covered by weeds, and in very many instances tilled by women, whose appearance and manners are very far from prepossessing.

The French countrywoman wears a handkerchief

round her head. She has immensely thick legs, stamping shoes, generally of wood, coarse stockings, and of a most uncouth make. Altogether, they look uncouth and uncomfortable, as if they were out of their place in society; and it is, therefore, painful to look upon them.

The railroad travels, for the most part, close to the river Seine, and crosses it again and again before it reaches Paris, affording many of the prettiest views on that river. As it approaches the metropolis, here and there a château, or gentleman's country-seat, presents itself, of large dimensions, looking however, lonely, cold, and neglected. Very few small villas are to be seen; and what there are, bear an appearance of a want of comfort about them. Their gardens are ill laid out, their orchards unpicturesque, their roads and approaches harsh and disagreeable; while, at the same time, statues, vases, pillars, and other "elegances," offer a sad contrast to



the general flatness of the scene ; and long before one reaches Paris, the disposition of the French people displays itself—i. e., to combine the “fine and the uncomfortable,” and forces itself upon the attention of the English traveller.

Five hours brings the traveller from Rouen to Paris, and about twelve o'clock I caught sight of the great and gay capital. There was no haze or smoke in the distance to indicate its presence, as there is when we come near London ; for the air was beautifully light and clear, and we entered Paris on the north-west, almost before we were aware of it, and in a few minutes a *citadine*, or French cab, whisked us from the railroad terminus to Meurice's Hôtel.

Having taken a room, safely deposited my luggage, and arranged my dress, I went out for a stroll. I thought the best thing to enable me to get acquainted with the general plan of the city would be to view it from some elevated spot. I therefore soon found my way to the Church of Nôtre Dame, and having passed hastily through its aisles and transepts, mounted to the top of its principal tower,

from which I had a panoramic view of the whole of Paris.

On surveying it from this central situation, the city presents, with its suburbs, a form nearly circular; and as there is very seldom any fog or smoke resting upon it, such as we have in London, its domes and its spires appear clearly displayed. I could easily make out the situation of the most distant buildings and public places; and the view served me as a beautiful and most interesting pictorial map. Paris is now surrounded by a trench and wall, which might be traced at various points. They were erected by the government to protect the city from the invasion of a foreign enemy. The wall is at least forty miles in extent, and when mounted with cannon and five hundred thousand soldiers, will be a most remarkable piece of fortification, such as the world has hardly ever seen.

CHAPTER VII.

PARLEY IS SHAVED BY A FRENCH WOMAN.—THE TUILERIES.—
THRONE-ROOM.—GARDENS.—FOUNTAINS.—OBELISK OF LUXOR.—
CHAMPS ELYSEES.—ARC DE L'ETOILE, ETC.

WHEN I was going to shave in the morning, I found my razor so ill-tempered as not to be on good terms with my beard; and having no wish to imitate the French, and let my beard grow like a goat, I stepped down stairs, and popped into the first barber's I could find. I sat down in an easy chair; but what was my astonishment to find a woman proceeding to lather my face, and, with the greatest *sang froid*, before I could expostulate, my mouth was covered with lather,

so that it was impossible to open it ; and in a few moments I was shaved as well as ever I was in my life.



While I was washing my face after this operation, I was surprised to see a tall, dark, burly, good-humoured-looking Englishman come into the shop, in whom I recognised my old friend Cooper. He sat down in the chair from which I had arisen, took off his cravat, and began humming a tune. Presently, the woman applied the soap-brush to his face. Cooper

looked up in profound astonishment. "Avast!" he cried, in a voice of thunder; "what are you at?" "For shav you, Monsieur," said the woman. "*You* lather me! To be *shaved* by a woman! An Englishman shaved by a Frenchwoman! I can never stand that." So saying, he wiped the lather from his face, and rushed out of the shop.

After breakfast I set out for the Tuileries, the palace of the Sovereigns of France, and one of the principal edifices of Paris. The word Tuileries means a place for tile-making; and it was so called because there were some tile-kilns formerly where the palace now stands. At the time when it was built, this part of Paris was not comprised within the walls. Nothing was to be seen in the neighbourhood of the tile-kilns but a few coppices and scattered habitations. The construction of the place was begun in May, 1564. Henry IV. enlarged the original building, and in 1600 began the great gallery which unites it with the Louvre. Louis XIV. finished the gallery, made some additions, and left it very much in its present state; but Louis Philippe, a monarch to whom the

French owe a great deal, contemplates uniting both sides of it to the Louvre, and forming a fine square of the Place du Carousel. The work has been already commenced; and when it is completed, a noble fountain will probably be added in the middle.

The part of the Palace, containing the private apartments of the King, is but rarely to be seen. One of the principal apartments of the palace is the *Galerie de Diane*, a noble room, 176 feet long, by 32 feet broad. The ceiling is richly gilt, and painted with copies of some of the first pictures of the Italian school. This gallery is used as a *salle à manger*, or dining-room for the royal family, on ordinary as well as on state occasions. Two colossal candelabra, in crystal and gilt bronze, have a splendid effect when lighted up. They were presented to Louis Philippe by the King of Holland.

Another noble room is the saloon of Louis XIV., a large room richly gilt, containing a very fine painting, representing the presentation of his grandson Philip by Louis XIV. to the grandees of Spain; and another picture of Anne of Austria, accompanied by

Louis XIV. and the Duke of Orleans as children. Both the paintings are by Mignard.

From this room I entered the *Salle du Trône*, or Throne Room, which is hung with crimson and gold. On either side of the throne are gilt trophies of ancient times; that on the right belonged to Henry IV., and that on the left to Robert of France (1280). The lustres are of rock crystal, containing some single pieces of crystal, valued at £600 each. There is also in this apartment a vase of Sévenes porcelain, said to be the finest ever executed.

The Gallery of Louis Philippe is another splendid apartment, which serves as a ball-room. It is 140 feet long, and 35 broad, and is surrounded by immense mirrors. Over the mantelpiece is a bas relief of King Louis Philippe, mounted on horseback, of nearly the size of life. At the southern end is placed the statue of Peace, presented to Napoleon by the city of Paris after the peace of Amiens in 1802.

The *Salle de Famille* is a large square room, rather low, and furnished with blue silk. It is here that the royal family meet every evening to enjoy each

other's society. It was formerly the bed-room of Louis XVIII. On the spot on which stood the royal bed is a large casket of pure gold, exquisitely sculptured, presented by Cardinal Mazarine to Louis XIV. This splendid work of art once contained a Bible of great value, which was stolen from the palace during the revolution, and with great difficulty recovered. I saw also a table in ebony and Florence mosaic work, presented by Queen Christina of Spain to the Queen of the French.

In the Council Chamber of the Tuileries is a globe, and also a curious clock, that shows the time of day in any part of the northern hemisphere. In another room is a clock, with emblematical devices, representing time present and time past, in the way that the poet describes him, concealing his wings as he advances, and displaying them as he flies away.

The gardens of the Tuileries are on the north side. They are full of square compartments, with *parterres* of flowers, and orange-trees in large square wooden boxes, painted green, dispersed in various places, or standing in rows. The total extent of the gardens is

more than 60 acres; their length being 2256 feet, and their breadth nearly half as much. They thus form a vast parallelogram, enclosed with iron palisades next to the Rue Rivoli, and by walls on the side opposite the river.

Among the decorations of the gardens are many



fine statues, bronzes, and casts. On entering them from the Rue Rivoli are, a faun playing on a flute, the Scythian knife-grinder, who disclosed to Brutus the conspiracy of his sons, and Venus, in a sitting posture, with a tortoise, in bronze; also the shepherd and his dog. In returning, the next row exhibits Diana drawing an arrow

from her quiver, Cupid bending his bow, Cupid and Psyche, and Zephyr presenting a wreath of flowers to Flora. Fronting these are two statues—Spartacus, and a husbandman contemplating the bones which his ploughshare had exposed while furrowing the

soil of a battle field.—A piece of statuary of rare talent.

Close by a circular basin on the right, is Daphne transformed into a tree; the carrying off of Proserpine; the death of Lucretia; Atlas bearing up the world; Æneas carrying his father from the flames of Troy, and leading his son Ascanius by the hand.

On the side next the orange grove, are Theseus killing the Minotaur and Cadmus destroying the serpents. On the side next the river, is Prometheus chained to the rock. There are also beautiful allegorical figures of Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. But I can describe no more of the beauties of this exquisite place, and I shall only add—nothing has been neglected to make this garden one of the finest promenades in the world.

Passing from this delightful spot, I soon reached the Place de la Concorde; without question not to be rivalled by anything existing in its way; no picture or description can do justice to it. The length from north to south is 750 feet; and from east to west, 528: it is in the form of an octagon. Placing myself

in the centre of this spot, I enjoyed such a scene as I shall not soon forget. On the north were two spacious and magnificent edifices, which, separated by the Rue Royale, or Royal Street, give a fine view of the Church of the Magdalene, which is built after the model of the Parthenon at Athens. To the south is the Bridge of Louis XVI., which serves as an avenue to the Chamber of Deputies, that answers to our House of Commons. To the east are seen the garden of the Tuileries, and the palace itself; and on the west, the avenue of the Champs Elysées presents, in perspective, the magnificent Arc de l'Etoile. In the middle of the whole is erected the Obelisk of Luxor, on each side of which is an elegant fountain. One of these fountains is dedicated to maritime and the other to fluvial navigation. Each consists of a circular basin, fifty feet in diameter, out of which rise two other smaller basins: the middle basin is supported by figures, nine feet in height, seated with their feet on the prows of vessels, and separated from each other by sporting dolphins. The upper basin has its base surrounded by figures of

children and of swans spouting water. In the maritime fountain, the figures supporting the second basin represent the Ocean and the Mediterranean, with the genii of the pearl, coral, and shell fisheries; while those of the upper basin represent Astronomy, Commerce and Navigation. In the fluvial fountain the lower figures are the Rhine and the Rhone; and the upper represent Agriculture, Manufactures, and River Navigation.

Passing onwards, I now entered the Champs Elysées, or Elysian fields; and here it is that all Paris comes out to air itself on fine days, and nothing can present a more lively scene during the fine summer evenings than this spot. It extends from the Place de la Concorde to the Barrière de l'Etoile, a distance of about a mile, while the breadth varies from 300 to 700 yards: the greater part of the space is planted with trees, in avenues which are well lighted by gas. It has, generally, something of the appearance of an English fair—booths, shows, stalls, and tents being scattered about for the amusement of the idle. It was on this spot that the Duke of

Wellington encamped, when Paris was taken by the allied forces in 1815. To my taste, the place has but little beauty, the trees looking like birch brooms, and the grass sadly withered and trodden down.

However, as I proceeded onwards, I soon saw something that was really worth looking at; for the "Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile" stood before me, in all its graceful and stupendous proportions.



This magnificent and commanding monument towers over the loftiest trees in its vicinity, and may

be seen from various parts of Paris, standing alone, a majestic and sublime monument, worthy, indeed, of the greatest of the great. It was begun in 1806, at the suggestion of Napoleon. The events of 1815 and his dethronement suspended the work, and it was not renewed till 1823; after which, it continued to proceed slowly till 1836; when, after exercising the talents, successively, of nine architects, it was completed. The total height of the whole edifice is 152 feet, and its width, 137 feet; its thickness being 68 feet. As you come near it, its extraordinary proportions quite overpower you, and produce an impression to which no representation can do justice.

I must give a little description of this enormous arch, which might have belonged to the period when giants abounded. It is really wonderful to think of such a monument having been designed by a little man not quite five feet two inches high: but it was one of Napoleon's many great ideas; and there it stands more firmly than most of the works that he accomplished.

On the northern pier of the principal face is a

group of figures, representing the departure—War is summoning the French of all ages to the defence of their country. The group on the left represents Napoleon crowned by Victory; prostrate cities render him homage, Fame proclaims his mighty deeds, and History records them.

On the tympan of the arch are two figures and two bas-reliefs; the one commemorating the funeral of General Marceau, the other representing Napoleon at the battle of Aboukir, receiving the prisoners taken by Murat. Another bas-relief represents Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz; the Russians battered by artillery, and suffocated in a pond to which they had retreated.

On the side next to Neuilly, on the right, is a group representing a brave man defending his wife, his children, and his father: behind him is a cavalier falling wounded from his horse, whilst the genius of the future hovers over and encourages him. On the left is another bas-relief, representing a warrior sheathing his sword; by his side, a woman and two children; behind, a soldier returned from the wars,

taming a bull for the purposes of agriculture; and above is Peace protecting agriculture and commerce. I wish the French would come and look at these designs a little oftener, and learn a lesson from them—to love peace a little more than they do.

The bas-relief on the left side of the arch represents Bonaparte crossing the Bridge of Arcole, with a brave officer expiring at his feet. The bas-relief to the left of this represents the capture of Alexandria by Kleber, who is wounded in the head. Facing Passy, the bas-relief represents the Battle of Jemmapes—General Dumouriez, at the head of his staff, is seen cheering the soldiers; among the officers is the present king, Louis-Philippe, then Duc d'Orleans, who commanded the centre.

On the great vault figures the navy; on the left side is a sailor, on the right a marine. In the centre, on the side facing Paris, are seen the representatives of the people distributing flags to the chiefs of the different armies, while the troops are preparing to march. On the lateral fronts, and on that towards Neuilly, is represented the return of an army, loaded

with the spoils of the vanquished. In the centre, France is accompanied by Prosperity and Abundance, distributing crowns.

After having spent an hour in viewing these beautiful bassi-rilievi, I ascended to the top of the arch, and beheld the whole of the court end of Paris, in all its splendour, spread out before me. In the distance I could just discern, among the trees, the Palace of Neuilly, where King Louis-Philippe frequently resides; and, looking upon the objects around me, and, reflecting on the life of this extraordinary man, reverting to his many virtues, to his great talents, to his profound wisdom, and, above all, his regard for the true glory of France, I could not but consider the arch beneath me as one of which he would have been worthy had it been altogether dedicated to his fame—far more worthy than that restless breaker of all laws, whose appetite for blood and plunder was a disgrace to civilised times, and who has done France, and a great part of Europe, more injury than ages will be able to repair.

CHAPTER VIII.

A WET DAY IN PARIS.—THE LOUVRE.—ITS HISTORY.—ITS MUSEUMS.
—PAINTINGS.—BIJOUX.—GREEK AND EGYPTIAN MUSEUMS.—
SALON OF HENRY II.—STANDISH COLLECTION.—OTHER MUSEUMS.

THE third day I was in Paris I awoke early in the morning, determined to have a walk in the markets, as one of the best places to study French character; but, having looked out of window, I found that it rained—and not only rained, but poured; it seemed as if continuous streams of water were descending to the earth as from the tips of an umbrella. “This is too heavy to last,” thought I; so I dressed myself, and left my room. But still it rained. I went to

the gateway of the hotel, and found the street flowing like a river. I took breakfast, still in hope, but still it poured down with unwearied violence. I dawdled for an hour after breakfast, looked at the newspapers, but still it rained.

"Was there ever such rain in Paris as this before?" I said to the *garçon*, or waiter.

"Oui, Monsieur, many time; it rain one day, two day, tree day, twelve hour, twenty-four hour, forty-eight hour; den it stop, and be very fine."

"Well, but," I exclaimed, "how can there be water enough in the clouds to enable it to rain like this for twenty-four hours? Yours is an inland country," I said, "where can the water come from?"

"Dat I not no, sare, but it come."

At last I gave up all hopes of the day improving, so I took a citadine and drove off to the Louvre, determined to spend the morning there, and to make the best of my time.

The Louvre is the great museum of France as regards the arts. It is the work of 250 years, and is said to have cost more than twenty millions. The

origin of the place is lost in the obscurity of remote ages. It is said to have been used as a hunting-seat for Dagobert, and the country residence of the other old kings of France; it was first named Louveterée, which has been altered into its present name. It



was not then circumscribed by buildings, but was surrounded by walls and ditches, and flanked by several towers. Afterwards it became a state prison; and, at a later period, Charles V. placed in it his treasures and his library. By order of Francis I., Pierre Lescot demolished it; and from his designs a new edifice was begun and continued under the

reigns of the following kings, till the time of Louis XIV., by whom the building was finished.

Some notion of the external form of the edifice may be obtained from the picture: the internal it would take volumes thoroughly to describe. The principal galleries are known by the respective names of *Musée des Tableaux des Écoles Italiennes, Flamandes et Françaises*; *Collection de Bijoux*; *Salle des Sept Cheminées*; *Musée Grèc*; *Salle du Trône*; *Musée Egyptienne*; and, behind the three last, occupying the same side of the square, *la Galerie Française*, a suite of rooms occupied by Anne of Austria and Henry IV.; *Musée des Tableaux des Écoles Espagnoles*; *Collection Standish*; *Musée des Dessins*; *Musée de la Marine*; *Musée des Antiques*; *Musée de la Sculpture Moderne*.

The Gallery of Paintings occupies the first floor of the wing of the Louvre, built by Henry II. and Charles IX., as well as the Long Gallery. The Grand Staircase, which leads to it, is one of the grandest I ever saw: the ceiling is ornamented with great richness. The first room contains some of the earliest paintings of the middle ages, which are very

curious indeed. The next, called the Grand Saloon, is one of the largest and best lighted rooms in existence: it is divided by projecting arcades, supported by marble columns; it is 1322 feet in length and 42 in width: the walls are covered with paintings, some of them of immense size. The pictures are arranged according to the schools to which they belong, French, Flemish and Italian. The total number of the pictures is 1406: there were once many more, which had been stolen by Napoleon, that prince of robbers, from the various nations of Europe over which he had triumphed; but, after his fall, in 1815, the French were obliged to disgorge these ill-gotten possessions, and above a thousand pictures were taken away from this collection and restored to their rightful owners. But additions have since been made, and the collection is now quite large enough to require a great deal of time to survey properly. After the day of which I am now speaking, I found that, after I had visited the Gallery the third time, I had to pass over a great number of the pictures with by far too hasty a glance.

The Salle de Bijoux, or Jewel Room, contains a small collection of cups, vases, jewels, porcelain and other works of the middle ages; among them are a remarkable Arabian basin, of great antiquity and curious workmanship, covered with handsome chasings, and stamped with fleurs-de-lis; it was used at the baptisms of Philip Augustus and the Count de Paris; there is, besides, the silver statue of Henry IV., when a boy; the looking-glass and other articles of toilette belonging to Mary de Médicis, given to her by the republic of Venice, and richly jewelled; some damasked armour; a great number of finely cut cameos and agates; some cups in sardonyx, designed by Benvenuto Cellini, the famous artist of Florence. The intrinsic value of these articles is immense, but their antiquity and the associations connected with them, are what chiefly render them worth looking at.

I was particularly struck with the Museums of Greek, Roman and Egyptian Antiquities, containing a collection of ancient objects, a great number of which were found in ancient Etruria and the south of

Italy. There are a great number of very large vases, of most beautiful preservation and workmanship; the articles from Herculaneum and Pompeii interested me exceedingly. There are a number of cases filled with glass vases, bronze instruments of various kinds, cameos, and gems of surpassing beauty. The ceilings of the rooms are beautifully painted: that of the first represents the apotheosis of Homer; that of the second, Vesuvius receiving fire from Jupiter to consume Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae. A fourth room contains porcelain of the earliest manufacture, some agates, ecclesiastical ornaments, and other curious objects.

The Egyptian Museum contains the antiquities that were obtained during Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt: but no catalogue being published, I was obliged to go on somewhat in the dark in regard to many of the objects that I saw; however, I distinguished enough to reward me well for my pains. There are a great many Egyptian vases, mummies of men, birds, and other animals; some MSS. in very fine preservation; palettes upon which the colour

still remains; seeds of various kinds; fragments of bread; cloth of various kinds; brooms; musical instruments; walking sticks; and a hundred other things belonging to the common life of the Egyptian people 3000 years ago.

Behind the Museum of Greek and Egyptian Antiquities, is a suite of nine rooms, called *la Galerie Française*, which contains a choice collection of paintings of the French school. In the first, are the Ports of France, by Joseph Vernet. The next room contains some curiously carved furniture, and objects of art and religious decorations belonging to the middle ages: the remainder contains pictures by native artists, many of which are of superior excellence, but the greater part are poor, both in design and execution. The ceilings of these rooms are of the same magnificence as those of the former suite, and contain paintings, beautifully executed, of historical subjects, more or less connected with the fine arts.

Next to these apartments, is the chamber of Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV. and, adjoining,

is the bed-room of Henry IV., where the king slept when he inhabited the Louvre, and in which the alcove still remains containing the royal bed in which the body was laid after his assassination.

The next room is the apartment of Henry II., in which the tapestry, embroidered with silk, silver, and gold, still remains. In the centre, in a glass case, stands a suit of armour that once belonged to Henry II.; splendid in itself, the suit becomes still more interesting from its having been worn by that king on the day he lost his life, in 1559. The visor of the helmet is now up, it was then let down for air, so that the tilting spear of the unconscious Count de Montgomery, piercing the king's eye, entered his brain.

The Standish Collection is a suite of fine rooms containing the pictures, books, and drawings bequeathed to the French king by Frank Hall Standish, Esq., of Duxbury Hall, Lancashire, in 1838, because the English would not provide rooms to contain them. The collection contains some good original paintings, and a very rare collection of books, and of original sketches of the great painters. Among the

books is the bible of Cardinal Ximenes, valued at a thousand pounds, from its associations with that eminent man.

The *Musée des Dessins*, as it is called, which I next entered, is a noble collection. It is contained in a



suite of rooms which were formerly the only ones in the palace reserved for state purposes. It comprises numerous specimens of the great masters of all schools. There are 704 drawings of the Italian, 222 of the Flemish and Dutch, and 372 of the French, schools, besides several by the Spanish masters.

The ceilings of this suite of apartments are painted in a peculiarly magnificent manner.

The *Musée de la Marines*, or Naval Museum, pleased me amazingly, and I wished much that we had something of the same kind in London. It consists of six rooms: in the centre of each of the first four, stands a model representation of the chief French ports. These models are exceedingly beautiful, and very exact, every house, tree, garden, and even chimney-pot, being seen, with the rivers, dykes, bridges, shipping, and the sea-shore. all imitated precisely according to scale.

The sixth room, called *La Salle des Sauvages*, contains an obelisk, formed and decorated with the relics of the ship of M. de la Pérouse, which were discovered and brought to France by an Englishman, Captain Dillon. I may as well just tell you that the unfortunate La Perouse had been sent on a voyage of discovery by the French government, and had sent home the results of his observations, as far as he had gone, from Australia; after sailing from thence, he was never heard of. His character was such, that all Europe felt an interest in his fate. In the same room with the memorials of La Perouse, is also the

model of a very splendid ship, which employed two men for the space of seven years in its construction.

The *Musée des Antiques* occupies a series of apartments on the ground floor, which extends from the principal entrance to the side next the river. These rooms were once occupied by Anne of Austria. The ceilings are very richly adorned, and a profusion of marble columns glitter through the whole of them, At the end next the river, and under part of the grand saloon, is the *Salle de Diane*, so named from a celebrated antique it contains.

Another suite of apartments leads towards the east, being a part of the old pile of the Louvre, as it existed in the time of Charles V. The marble decorations of the walls and floors are exceedingly grand. With this suite communicates the Gallery of the Caryatides, a splendid hall occupying the whole ground floor; it derives its name from four colossal caryatides, or statues adapted to serve as pillars, by Jean Gougon, supporting the gallery at the northern end. They are beautifully executed, and are among the chefs-d'œuvres of that famous sculptor.

The great collection of antique sculpture in these apartments dates from 1797, and in 1803 it was opened to the public under the title of *La Musée Napoléon*. It then contained, like the Gallery of Paintings, all the richest spoils of Italy; but of them it was deprived when they were restored, in 1815, to their original owners. The present collection consists of about 235 statues, 230 busts, 212 bas-reliefs, 233 vases, candelabra, altars, &c., making in all 1116 pieces of sculpture.

The *Museum of Modern Sculpture* is arranged in fine halls, vaulted with stone, and floored with marble. It contains many of the finest specimens of French sculpture, and a few by foreign artists. In the first room is a model of the Tomb of Ferdinand and Isabella, and also two statues, supposed to be a master and his slave, by Michael Angelo, which is said to be among the best of his productions. There is also a beautiful Cupid and Psyche, by Canova, a bust of Cardinal Richelieu, and another of Henry IV.

In the last room stands a remarkably fine statue, Milo of Croton (whose prodigious strength is said to

have enabled him to cleave a large tree with his unassisted hands), executed for Louis XV. by Paget. There is also a most interesting bust by Jean Gougon, of Admiral Coligny, which ornaments an ancient chimney-piece, brought from the Château de Villeroi.

On the ground floor, on the eastern side, are two magnificent galleries or halls, filled with plaster casts.

Having taken a glance at all these rarities, and passed through the rooms twice, I forgot the rain and everything else without, and four o'clock, the hour at which all public places are closed in Paris, arrived before I was aware of it; I returned to the hotel through the rain, which continued without intermission the whole of the following night. In the morning, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing a fine, clear, blue sky, and I therefore prepared myself for a fresh treat, of which the next chapter will give an account.

CHAPTER IX.

**PABLEY SETS OFF FOR VERSAILLES.—ST. CLOUD.—HISTORICAL
MUSEUM.—GALLERY OF PORTRAITS AND MEDALS.—ILLUSTRIOUS
PERSONAGES OF FRANCE.**

THE morning sun shone with great splendour after the late rains, and I arose in spirits that corresponded with the weather. At the breakfast-table a party was made for Versailles, as "all the world" (as the Frenchman says) seemed to be going to the fête of St. Louis, one of the grandest fêtes in France, and one of the principal attractions of which is the playing of the grand fountain of Versailles, which only plays twice a year.

Therefore we (that is, a gentleman with his

daughter, and another lady), agreed to take a carriage to go to Versailles. It would have been a much quicker and more convenient way to have gone by the railway, but the ladies were both of them fearful of an explosion, or of being thrown off the line, or of some other accident; for it so happened, that they had both read the account of the sad accident which occurred on this line soon after it was opened, when a great number of persons were killed, maimed, or bruised. Accordingly, to please these timid ladies, we hired a carriage, but, as the sequel will prove, we should rather have consulted our safety by going on the railway.

Versailles is distant from Paris about four leagues, and the time taken to get there by the railroad is about twenty minutes. We were about two hours on the route. As we went along, we had a view of St. Cloud, of the great china manufactory belonging to the government, at Sevres, and several châteaux, disposed at distances far between upon the road; but the absence of all those pretty little villas which we see in England, renders the way somewhat monotonous.

The sight of the palace and grounds of St. Cloud is, however, very pleasing. It is situated on the banks of the river, which resembles the Thames at Kingston, and the bright blue waters sparkled in the sun as full of hilarity as the happy faces we saw on every side. It being a fête day, all was mirth and merriment, and I cannot say how much I was delighted, for of all things that the whole universe presents to view, even before sparkling stones, or bright flowers, beautiful as they are, there is nothing so welcome to my eyes and heart as a happy, contented face.

At length we reached Versailles; and my first impression was, that if ever fairy-land existed upon earth, this must be the spot. The Tuileries, when compared with Versailles, will bear the same proportion to it as Russell or Finsbury-squares do to Hyde Park. The town itself is large and handsome, and contains nearly forty thousand inhabitants. Originally it was a very mean village; but Louis XIII., being particularly fond of the pleasures of the chase, in order to avoid the inconvenience of sleeping in an inn, a cottage, or a windmill, built here a hunting-

box for repose, after enjoying his favourite pastime. Some time afterwards, he purchased some land, on which was a castle, which he pulled down, and on the site the present magnificent palace has grown, as it were, bit by bit, to its present gigantic dimensions and magnificence.

During the reign of Louis XIV. Versailles suddenly came into note, from the circumstance of that monarch being determined to build here a magnificent palace, and in order that he might have a town in some degree to correspond, he granted many privileges to those who volunteered to make it their residence.

The present state of Versailles leaves little to be desired; the taste and munificence of each successive monarch since the foundation of the humble château of Louis XIII., have been directed towards its completion. Gallery has been added to gallery, magnificence to magnificence; new splendour has been heaped on splendour, till it has at last become one of the most imposing structures in the world. Louis XIV., Napoleon, and, lastly, Louis-Philippe,

have contributed largely to the embellishment of this majestic pile.

The palace is approached from the town through an open space called the Place d'Armes, 800 feet broad, on the eastern side of which are the royal stables, affording accommodation to 1000 horses.



The grand court, 380 feet in width, is separated from the Place d'Armes by stone parapets, flanking an iron railing richly chased with gilt ornaments, having a central gateway surmounted by the ancient crown and shield of France. The court itself slopes from the palace, and on each side of it are sixteen marble statues, twelve of which formerly ornamented the "Bridge of Concord," in Paris. At the upper

end of the court is a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XV. Beyond this stands the palace, and, flying forth in gigantic letters of gold, from the friezes of the two outer wings of the building, is the inscription,

"A TOUTES LES GLOIRES DE LA FRANCE,"

which announces the new destination of the place that has been so nobly conceived and carried out by Louis-Philippe.

It would be impossible to understand the architectural plans and embellishments of the palace from mere description. I shall, therefore, confine my account to what I saw in the principal apartments, and pass at once to that portion of the palace, the northern wing, which contains what is called the Historical Museum, consisting of a suite of apartments, eleven in number, which contain a series of pictures, illustrating some of the principal events in the history of France up to the revolution. Behind them, in a gallery three hundred feet in length, are the busts, statues, and monumental effigies of the

kings, queens, and illustrious personages of France till the reign of Louis XV. In the middle of this gallery to the left is the entrance to the *Salle des Croisades*, a splendid Gothic gallery, containing pictures relating to the holy wars. The ceilings and walls are covered with armorial bearings of French knights who fought in the Holy Land, and on one side are the oaken gates given to the Prince de Joinville by the prior of the order of Jerusalem, in the time of the crusade of St. Louis.

On issuing from the statue gallery, we entered another suite of rooms, in which another series of historical paintings, illustrating French history from the time of the Reign of Terror to the revolution of 1830, which placed Louis-Philippe on the throne. Above these apartments, on the second floor, arranged in seven rooms, there is a collection of portraits and medals; and, returning to the first floor, there is a gallery of statues and other memorials of personages illustrious in the earlier ages of the French monarchy. One of the most interesting of these is the admirable statue of Joan of Arc, a copy of which is frequently

seen in plaster about the streets of London. It was executed by the late lamented Princess Marie de France, daughter of King Louis-Philippe. It is a work of art which would have done honour to a famous sculptor, and it is quite a prodigy, considered as the production of a lady of exalted rank, who pursued that art only for her own pleasure.



The first picture of the historical collection refers to the earliest period of French history. It represents king Pharamond (420) elevated, according to the custom of the barbarous Franks, upon a shield, and paraded before the assembled people, amid shouts and loud acclamations.

Another picture represents the baptism of Clovis, the first Christian king of France. This event took place 25th December, 496. Next succeeds the triumphal entry of Clovis into Tours. Then follows the funeral of Dagobert at St. Denis, January, 638,

and next the Battle of Tours, in 732. Then the coronation of Pepin, 754, which is succeeded by Charlemagne crossing the Alps, and the ceremony of his being crowned king of Italy.

What I have mentioned will give my young friends some notion of the method which is followed in these historical records. I shall not attempt to complete the catalogue of the pictures, amounting to upwards of twelve hundred, and extending over a length of four miles of canvas. I must content myself with remarking only upon a few of those which struck me most in the collection.

One of these was the departure of William the Conqueror for the invasion of England ; another, the preaching of the first Crusade, in 1095 ; the taking of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, in 1099 ; the death of St. Louis, 1270 ; Joan of Arc presented to Charles VII. ; foundation of the French Academy in 1634, by Louis XIII., and the presentation of Poussin, the famous artist, to the same monarch ; the coronation of Louis XIV. at Rheims, 1654 ; and the foundation of the Royal Observatory.

There are many paintings of naval battles with the English, but not more than one or two in which the English get worsted. One of these is that of Bantry Bay, in which the French did no great feats, but they have made it a victory over the English, upon the principle of making the most of a bad bargain.

James II. had persuaded the French to bring him, with a *large* fleet, to attempt the conquest of Ireland. Admiral Herbert, with a *very small* English fleet, met them at the entrance of Bantry Bay, and sustained an action for many hours, in which their loss exceeded ours. At last, however, they forced their way into the bay; and, after stopping there at anchor a little while, they had not the courage to go on shore, and made off to their own country. This was truly a fine achievement for a great nation to be proud of!

As we draw towards modern times, the pictures of each reign are more numerous and circumstantial, and a variety of events are portrayed of no very great interest. Some great subjects are, however, finely treated, such as the coronation of Louis XV.,

which is a noble picture. The marriage of the same monarch, and the Battle of Fontenoy, are also fine pictures.

A host of pictures belong to the times immediately preceding the Revolution, principally of battles by land and sea; here and there an English frigate may be seen getting the worst of it, but the proportion of such events is very small. French sailors never have been able to stand against English ones. At last we come to the commencement of the reign of Louis XVI.; and a very good picture represents that monarch giving his instructions to La Prouse for his voyage round the world, the unhappy termination of which I have already mentioned. The same monarch is represented in another picture giving alms to the poor in 1788, when there was a very hard winter. Next is the Confederation of the National Guards in the Champ de Mars, 1790. Then comes that most awful period when rebellion and atheism lifted up their bloody standards, and all was chaos;—I mean the revolution of 1789. Not a scene or feature of that time of blood and darkness is represented. I

think this is a pity, for the French ought to have it held up to them as a warning; and it may well be a warning; not only to them but to all the nations of the earth. Such abominations are not to be forgotten: I do not say to the eternal disgrace of the French nation, for other nations may do as badly, but to teach kings how to govern and people not to rebel.

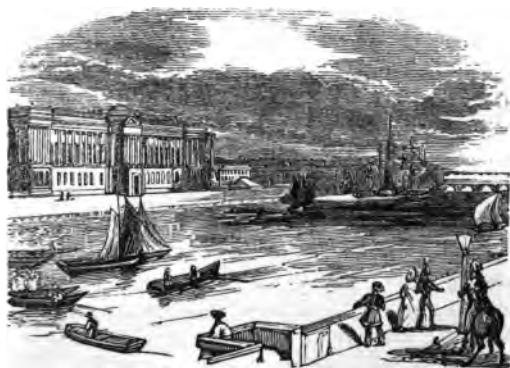


CHAPTER X.

THE CHAPEL.—GRAND APARTMENTS OF THE KING.—THE THRONE ROOM.—GLOEY OF THE REIGN OF LOUIS XIV.—THE CABINETS —SALON DE LA PAIX.—LOUIS XVI.—MARBLE STAIRCASE.—GRAND GALLERY OF THE EMPIRE.

Pursuing our way, we soon came to the chapel of the palace, where all the grandeur and taste of the age of Louis XIV. are exhibited. The pavements are of costly marble, curiously and beautifully inlaid, and the balustrades of the galleries are of marble and gilded bronze. The lofty ceiling which springs from a rich architrave and cornice, above lofty Corinthian columns, is splendidly painted. The side chapels are

decorated with altars of the richest beauty. In the Chapel of St. Charles Borromeo, is a bas-relief of the saint imploring Heaven to arrest the plague of Milan.



In that of St. Louis is a picture representing the pious king dressing the wounds of his followers, by Jouvenet ; and a bas-relief in which he is waiting on the poor at table.

The high altar is exceedingly grand, being ornamented on either side with marble statues of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. offering their crowns to

the Virgin. The Chapel of the Virgin is also full of the most exquisite paintings, and the decorations are superb. Many remarkable religious ceremonies connected with the history of France have taken place before this altar, and one of the most interesting of them was the marriage of the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, in 1769.

I now entered the royal apartments. The suite on the north belongs to the king, that on the south is the queen's. The former are large and lofty, encrusted with marbles, and loaded with a profusion of massive gilt ornaments; the ceilings are richly painted, and the general effect is gorgeous. The queen's apartments are in white and gold, with ceilings less richly painted, but not less pleasing, and from their southern aspect they have a light and cheerful appearance.

All these rooms contain pictures and portraits illustrative of the life and domestic relations of Louis XIV. In the Salon d'Apollon, or Throne Room, Louis XIV. is receiving ambassadors, who are bringing a submissive message from the Doge of

Genoa, who had made some effort to get rid of the



French sway. The Salon de la Guerre is consecrated to the military glory of Louis XIV., and leads to the "Grande Galerie des Glaces," one of the finest rooms in the world, being 242 feet in length, 35 in width, and 43 in height. It is lighted by 17 large arched windows, which correspond with opposite arcades, filled with looking-glasses, from which the room takes its name. Sixty composite pilasters of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze fill up the spaces between the windows and between the arcades. On the vaulted ceiling are

represented in nine compartments some of the principal events in the reign of Louis XIV.

It was in this gallery that the pomp and vanity of the French court used to display itself in all its magnificence, and such was the habit and feelings of



those times, that its immense size could hardly contain the crowd of courtiers that pressed round the throne to give the incense of adulation to a monarch who was one of the wickedest of men, who suffered

a woman of infamous character to sit on his chair in the presence of his council, and to please her humour, by flinging into the fire a packet of unopened dispatches.

The next room is the bedchamber of the same monarch, the decorations of which are exceedingly magnificent. The ceiling is adorned with the Titans, painted by Paul Veronese, brought from the halls of the Council of Ten at Venice by Napoleon, and never restored. The bed, inclosed by gilt balustrades, is that on which the vain king died. From the balcony, Louis XVI., attended by his queen and children, addressed the infuriated mob who came to drag him from the palace on the 6th of October, 1789, and to fulfil (as has often been fulfilled) the denunciation "That the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children." Evil deeds must beget evil consequences; and in this world, but in this world only, the innocent often suffer for the guilty.

I next entered a suite of rooms called "Les Cabinets." The first was the billiard-room of Louis XIV., and afterwards the bedchamber of his successors.

Beyond this apartment is "La Salle des Pendules," so called from a magnificent clock, which shows the days of the month and phases of the moon. A meridian line traced on the floor was drawn by the hands of Louis XVI. Next is the "Cabinet des Chasses," from whence a window on the balcony looks into "Le Cour des Cerfs" (Stag Court), where the royal family used to assemble after grand hunting parties, to see the game counted in the court. On the floor above are several small chambers, where Louis XV. and his successor used to seclude themselves; adjoining was a workshop where Louis XVI. had his turning lathe, and another in which his forge still exists.

I must mention a few of the rooms in the queen's private apartments. The Saloon of Peace has a ceiling painted by Le Brun, representing France dispensing universal peace and abundance. From this opens the bedchamber of the queen, in which Louis XV. was born. Here it was, too, that Marie Antoinette was aroused from her bed on the fatal night of the 5th of October, 1789, and forced to escape by a small

corridor from the mob which had burst into the palace.

The queen's state apartments terminate at the grand marble staircase, which is one of the finest in France for the richness and variety of its marbles.

Several other rooms complete this wing of the building. Beyond them, to the east, stretches the wing completed by Louis XVIII. A spacious gallery now presented itself. It was formerly called "La Salle des Cent Suisses," now "La Salle de 1792." This is one of the most interesting apartments of the palace, containing portraits of all the great military characters of the Revolution. Napoleon is seen as lieutenant-colonel; Marshal Soult as a serjeant in 1792; Marshal Bernadotte, late King of Sweden, as lieutenant; Louis-Philippe, as lieutenant-general in 1792, and as king in 1830.

After passing through some inferior rooms in the southern wing, formerly appropriated to the children and nearest relations of the reigning monarchs, I found myself in the "Grand Gallery of Battle-pieces," which is an immense apartment, 393 feet in length,

42 in breadth, and the same in height. Coupled columns at each extremity and in the centre, relieve the monotony of such a vast length. The roof, vaulted like the Gallery of the Graces, is lighted by double skylights, and richly ornamented with gilded compartments. On the walls are pictures of large



dimensions, representing great military triumphs, commencing with the battle of Tolbaic, gained by Clovis in 496, and ending with that of Wagram,

6th of July, 1809. The effect of this gallery is very fine, and the works of Gerard and Horace Vernet, of which it contains many, cannot fail to rivet attention.

Behind this gallery runs another, 327 feet long, filled with statues and busts of celebrated personages from 1500 to 1792. On the attic story above this is a long gallery containing portraits of the most remarkable persons of the revolution and of the court of Bonaparte.

On descending to the ground floor a small staircase led me to the "Gallery of Monuments," a collection of models in plaster, of monumental statuary from the tombs of remarkable personages. Through a passage on the left I came to another collection of portraits in four rooms. I then returned through a long suite of rooms facing the gardens, containing more than three hundred pictures, illustrative of the military history of Napoleon from 1796 to 1810. Midway is the "Hall of Napoleon," containing the various statues and busts of that great troubler of the world. Behind these rooms is another

gallery, 327 feet long, filled with statues and busts of celebrated generals from 1790 to 1815.

The ground floor of the centre contains several apartments formerly occupied by branches of the royal family; one of them now containing the portraits of the grand admirals of France, the grand marshals, and the grand constables. Another holds the portraits of all the French kings; another, views of the royal residences.



CHAPTER XI.

THE GARDENS.—ORANGE GROVES.—FOUNTAINS.—THE GROTTO
ROCK.—PLAYING OF THE FOUNTAINS ON THE FETE OF ST.
LOUIS.

AFTER my eyes had become nearly tired of the splendour of the inside of the palace, it was some relief to enter the gardens, where I was to be astonished not less, and gratified still more, by the effect of the plantations and of the water, displayed in various ways.

The first thing that took my attention was the orange-grove. There are hundreds of orange-trees loaded with fruit; and among them is one of great

historical interest, as it was contemporary with Francis I., and formed part of the confiscated property of the Constable de Bourbon, whence it is called Le Grand Bourbon. It was introduced from seed in 1421, and, after flourishing under twelve reigns, does not seem to be approaching near to the end of its long career. The orange-trees grow in large boxes, and are sheltered in green-houses during the winter. The ground in front of the orangery is divided into flower-beds, with a basin and a fountain in the centre.

It would be tedious if I were to enumerate a tenth part of the immense number of statues, vases, bas-reliefs, and groups which met my view on every side. Here were two oblong basins of water of large dimensions, upon the borders of which repose twenty-four magnificent groups in bronze of nymphs, children, and allegorical representations of the four principal rivers of France, and their tributary streams. At another place, were groups of tritons and sirens, supporting crowns of laurels, from the midst of which were issuing columns of water.

Along the shrubbery, close by, are eight statues in white marble, and seven groups of children in bronze, in the midst of white marble basins, with yew-trees between them.

The most splendid of all the fountains is the "Basin of Neptune." Upon the upper border of this stand 22 large vases ornamented with bas-reliefs. Against the side are three immense groups of statues; that in the centre represents Neptune and Amphitrite seated in a vast shell and accompanied by nymphs, tritons, and sea-monsters. The group on the east is Proteus and his companions; that on the west, Ocean resting upon a sea-unicorn. At the angles repose upon pedestals two colossal dragons, bearing Cupids. From these fine groups, especially that in the centre, issue great streams of water, while smaller jets issue from different parts of the basin, and also from the vases.

Another beautiful fountain is the "Basin of Latona," which presents five circular basins rising one above another, surmounted by a group of Latona, with Apollo and Diana. You will, perhaps, recollect

the story that the goddess implored the vengeance of Jupiter against the peasants of Lybia, who refused to give her some water. The peasants, here metamorphosed, some half, and others entirely, into frogs or tortoises, are placed on the edge of the different basins, and cast forth water on Latona in every direction. The water forms liquid arches, intersecting each other with very beautiful effect. The basins are of red, the group of Latona and her children of white, marble, and the frogs and tortoises are of a lead colour.

The Basin of Apollo, which is the largest of the whole, is very imposing. The god of day is seen issuing from the waters in a chariot, drawn by four horses, and surrounded by tritons, dolphins, and other sea monsters. Beyond this is the Grand Canal, 4674 feet long, and 186 feet wide, with two cross branches, measuring together 3000 feet in length.

Other fountains, in every variety of form, meet you at every turn. That of Winter represents Saturn surrounded by children, who play among fish, crabs,

and shells. That of Autumn represents Bacchus reclining upon grapes, surrounded by infant satyrs. The jolly god seems to be laughing; and, though in the midst of water, looks as he if he were no teetotaller. The fountains of Spring and Summer are very pretty. The former is represented by Flora, with her basket of flowers, and children with garlands, while Summer appears under the figure of Ceres, having a sickle in her hand, and surrounded by children picking up ears of corn. Another fountain, called the Basin of Enceladus, represents Enceladus the giant, pressed down, but struggling for liberty, and endeavouring to hurl rocks towards heaven. A column of water spouts from his mouth to the height of sixty feet; water also issues from his hands, and from the rocks which surround him.

In the midst of an enclosed grove, at a short distance, is an enormous rock, from which a grotto leads to the Palace of Thetis, whose nymphs are represented as serving Apollo. Two are bathing his feet; a third is pouring water into a basin; two others stand behind him, one of whom braids his

hair. On the right and left of this magnificent group, are two others, representing the horses of the sun, watered by Tritons. These three groups are in white marble, and are some of the most perfect of the decorations of Versailles. Sheets and torrents of water which escape from different parts of the rock, and form a lake at its foot, add to the effect of the scene. This fountain is said to have cost a million and a half of francs.

The Basin of the Children close by represents six children playing in a small island, while two others are swimming in the water. In the Basin of the Obelisk, water is made to issue from reeds round a column of water in the centre, which falls into an upper basin, from which it descends into another by a number of steps, forming as many cascades.

The fountains are distinguished into two classes, the small and the great ; the former play in the summer on the first Sunday in every month, the latter only on great occasions. I was fortunate enough to be present on the Fête of St. Louis, and saw the grand display of a hundred fountains all bursting forth at

once, amidst the shouts of applause of the many thousand persons who were assembled to witness the scene. The effect was magnificent and beyond all description.

Between the fountains are interspersed grass plots, groves, beds of flowers, avenues, and arcades. They extend over a vast space, and description can convey but a very poor impression of their beauty and magnificence.

At the extremity of the park of Versailles is a royal mansion, called the Grand Trianon. It is in the Italian style, and consists of one story and two wings. In the left are the apartments of the queen, and in the right those of the king. The former are painted in white and gold, and the latter are decorated with a greater variety of colours. In one of the apartments are two splendid candelabra and a circular table of malachite and ormolu, presented to Napoleon by the Emperor Alexander after the treaty of Tilsit. The private apartments of the king are plainly furnished. There are many pieces of sculpture in various parts of the garden, which is laid out in a

style similar to that of Versailles, and contains several fine fountains and labyrinths. This place has been a favorite residence of the later kings of France, as a retreat from the pomp and ceremony of Versailles.

Le Petit Trianon is at the end of the garden of



the Grand Trianon. The interior is tastefully fitted up. The queen's boudoir is very handsome, and the walls of it are covered with arabesques. The bedrooms are hung with blue silk, and the bed, with its drapery of muslin and gold, reminds one of that of

Marie-Louise. The garden is beautifully laid out in the English style, and brought my thoughts powerfully back to my own dear country, as the only place in all the world for "comfort," which, after all, is a much better word than "splendour."

The sun had now sunk below the blue hills in the west, and it was time for us to think of returning. This, however, was not quite so easy as we anticipated; for when we reached the hotel at which our carriage was left, called the Hôtel de France, we had the mortification to find that our coachman was not visible; we thought, however, that he would be with us by the time we had dined, and in this, having made a very refreshing repast, we were not disappointed. He made his appearance, but was quite as unable to drive us home, as Phaeton in the fable was to drive his father's chariot, and from the same cause too, namely, from having been too much "in the sun." We looked alarmed, especially the ladies. We hesitated; we expostulated; we argued; we threatened; but all the reply we could obtain was, "Je puis le faire" said with a voice and gesture that gave the lie

to his words. However, he stood to it that he was quite capable; that, in short, he could drive better than any man in France or England either. He said he would drive round the gallery of the Pantheon to the breadth of a franc all the world over; so said the hostlers, one and all, and so said the master of the hotel. The latter added, that the horses knew their road—the road was straight—the night was fine—the moon up, and that, even if the coachman were a little the worse for drink, he could hardly get into mischief. At last we were overpersuaded, and our Phaeton tried to get on the coach-box, but in attempting to get up on one side, he fell over on the other. We were then obliged to give him up, and return to Paris by the railway.

It cannot be expected that I should give my young friends a complete description of this vast capital. It will be my aim to give an account only of whatever is most worth seeing, with such particulars as may serve to convey an idea of the character of this lively and intelligent people, for it is in Paris that the national character of the French nation is best seen.

After having dined at a restaurateur's, from a *carte*, or bill of fare, in which above a hundred different things were specified, with the prices to each, I sallied forth again, and in one place where there was a dense crowd, about two hundred persons were sitting on chairs, for the use of which each had to pay a sous. A little further, a crowd was collected



round a child, four years old, who was singing a popular song, and beating a tambarine with his little

hands. Within a short distance was a poor little dog, with his fore-foot placed on the handle of a small grindstone, which he was obliged to turn to the sound of an organ played by his master. Here an old man played the Pandean-pipes, the harp, the drum, and the triangle, at the same time; there a well-dressed young woman played delightfully on the musical glasses. In a corner were two ballad-singers, a mother and a daughter, veiled, as if they felt shame at the task their necessities compelled them to undertake. In one spot, a man offered the passengers an "*isometer*," an instrument by which one can ascertain the strength of an arm in lifting weights; in another, a chair set in a scale, invited the bystander to try his weight. It was particularly amusing to observe the French character showing out in the use of their instruments. In the former, the exhibitor never failed to extol the wonderful strength of his customers, no matter how weak in reality; in the other, as merriment and good humour was the best way of encouraging people to pay for what was of no particular use to them, a

good-humoured laugh always accompanied the exaggerated report of the individual's weight.

All this was at the Boulevards, which is a large open street, occupying the space where the walls of Paris once stood. It was converted into a street by Louis XIV., who ordered the walls and towers which had fallen into decay, to be levelled, and the ditches to be filled up, and thus a wide road was made round



the capital, and planted with trees. They are ornamented with some of the handsomest buildings in

Paris, and the caf  es (or coffee-shops), are of the most splendid description, some of them having the appearance of palaces within, from the profusion of



gold and mirrors which meets you on every side. The Boulevard du Temple is the favorite resort of the common people, and was the place at which I was so much amused. The Boulevard des Italiens is the most fashionable promenade, and here all the glories of Paris are to be seen after dark. The shops, the hotels, the crowds of people, and, above all, the

brilliant lights glimmering among the trees, make the place an extraordinary attraction. In several parts of the Boulevards are galleries, or long passages, arched over, and furnished handsomely with shops on either side, splendidly lighted. These passages lead to other streets, which run parallel to the Boulevards, and were constantly crowded; in short, so animated a scene I never before beheld, and so interested was I in the sight, that I did not return to my hotel till past eleven o'clock.

I tried in vain to sleep. The rail-road of the morning, the panorama of noon, the crowds, the lights, the glitter of jewellery, the gay attire of the Parisian fashionables, the ins and outs of the streets, the confusion, the whirl, kept me tumbling and tossing for some hours, but at last I did sleep, and a sound sleep it was, for I did not awake till nine o'clock the next morning.

CHAPTER XII.

THE QUAYS OF PARIS.—WASHING-HOUSES.—BATHS.—BRIDGES.—
THE MORGUE.—THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME.—THE PALAIS
ROYALE.

THE next morning, after an early breakfast, I set out for a walk along the quays of Paris from the bridge of Louis XVI. eastward towards the oldest part of the city. Issuing from the gardens of the Tuileries, and advancing to the centre of the bridge of the Tuileries, the view became most striking. The banks of the river Seine (which divides Paris into two parts) are kept up by handsome cut stone walls and parapets, along which run broad paved ways for foot-passengers, on which trees are planted, and

seats are placed at convenient intervals. The river itself has above a hundred miles to run below the city before it reaches the sea, so that it is here beyond the influence of the tide, and the stream always continues full between its banks, except when it sinks through very dry weather. On each side of it are placed a considerable number of wooden buildings, with flat roofs, some of which are from one to two hundred feet long. Some of these are the baths, where the middle and poorer classes of the people go to bathe, and others of a similar shape are used as washing-houses. In the latter, on either side, may be seen hundreds of women busily employed in soaping, wringing, and sousing, while a long stream of soap-suds may be seen running seaward in the channel of the river.

Above the level of these, on the banks of the river, the scene is of a different character. On one side, is the immense and superb line of colonnades, formed by the gallery of the Louvre, which connects the palace of the Louvre with that of the Tuileries; it is 1400 feet in length, and 42 wide. On the opposite

side extends a long line of private buildings, leading the eye to the Palais des Arts, where the learned body, called the French Institute, holds its sittings, and the "*Hotel des Monnaies*" (*the Mint*), both of which are striking objects, from their architecture.

Advancing onwards from the quarter of the paces, the characters of the scene become grotesque, and if not so grand, at least more amusing and more striking. The peculiar clearness of the air of Paris gives a distinctness to every object, and enables one to see clearly the vivacity, the variety, and gaiety, which, in the middle of the day, the quays present to view. At the same time you see, ranged along outside the houses, birds in cages, flowers and trees in pots, prints and books, articles of dress and furniture, and a thousand other commodities exposed in the open space, while the air resounds with the efforts of the owners to induce the passers-by to purchase them.

Passing by the Royal Bridge, which is opposite to the south gate of the Louvre, I reached the New Bridge, which extends across the two arms of the

Seine, where they form an island. Although this is called the New Bridge, it is the most ancient in Paris; it is 996 feet in length, and 90 in breadth. I had before admired the bustle and gaiety of the quays of Paris, but here it seemed as if I had not before seen half of it. Situated between the parts of Paris which are the most densely peopled, it is crowded with pedestrians, carriages, horsemen, and carts, passing to and fro; but its bustle is greatly increased by its being the favorite resort of itinerant



fruiterers and pedlars of every description, who line each side of it, and force attention by the most amusingly exaggerated and deafening history of the excellence of their wares. The dealer

in books is posted next to the vendor of hot sausages and fried fish. Here is a stall where letters are written for those unhappy lovers, or correspondents, who are unable to write. Near it is a shoe-black,

who offers to brighten your understandings for a halfpenny, and earnestly invites you to place your foot upon his stool.

The din was overpowering, and the pushing and driving equal to that at Bartholomew fair, so that I felt almost bewildered. At length, I pushed my way over the bridge, not however without stopping to admire the fine statue of Henry IV. placed upon its centre, beneath which a guard was stationed. Here, too, I was detained by an astronomer, with his telescope, who offered to show me the spots on the sun for two sous. The instrument proved to be a good one, and I obtained a very excellent view of the great luminary.

Having passed over the New Bridge, I continued my walk along the southern shore, till I came to a low stone building on the river side, which, as I saw a number of persons passing in and out, I was induced to enter. Inside there was a chamber, partitioned off with open railing, in which were four dead bodies exposed on a sloping shelf, with the clothes which had been found on each, hanging

opposite. These bodies had been taken out of the Seine, and were here exhibited, that they might be recognised by their friends. Some of the spectators who poured in to witness this sad sight, looked on with indifference, whilst others who, perhaps, were missing some relation or acquaintance, betrayed the greatest anxiety in their countenances. Nor shall I ever forget the scream which came from one young woman, who here discovered the body of her brother who had been missing for two days before.

An establishment like this, too plainly indicated that deaths by accident and murder were frequent in Paris, and my inquiries on the subject proved that suicide was the most common cause. I am well aware that a stranger should be cautious in imputing that to a people which tends to fix a stain on the national character; but I cannot but greatly fear that the want of religious feeling, which the revolution produced, with its other bad effects, has made the French less sensible of the awful crime of rushing unbidden into the presence of their Creator.

From the "Morgue," the place where I had seen

this melancholy exhibition, the distance is but short to the church of Notre Dame, from the tower of which I took my first bird's-eye-view of Paris, and which is the most ancient religious edifice in France. On its site a temple is said to have been founded in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar, by the merchants of Paris, and it assumed its present form as a Christian church under Robert the Devout, about the year 1010. Its architecture possesses something so singular, so bold, and at the same time so delicate, that it has ever been esteemed one of the handsomest structures in the kingdom. It is 414 feet long, 144 feet wide, without comprehending the space allotted to its side chapels, and the astonishing thickness of the wall; its height is 102 feet. In the interior, 120 enormous columns support the edifice, and form a double colonnade, extending the whole length of the fabric.

The western front presents a venerable portico, containing three grand portals. The centre one is of modern architecture; the other two are ancient. Over the side portals rise two large towers, 40 feet

square, and 204 in height. We mounted to the top of one of these, and again enjoyed the view of Paris and its environs, with which I had commenced my survey. The heavy appearance of the towers, though



it is imposing, ill accords with the rest of the building. Over the centre portal is a gallery supported by gothic columns of exquisite workmanship.

The choir is truly superb. In the centre is a brazen eagle, seven feet high, and three feet from wing to wing. Two pilasters of wood support two

angels in bronze. The series of elegant stalls, which line the two sides of the choir, are terminated by two seats, of magnificent workmanship, appropriated to the archbishop and the dean. The choir was formerly adorned by stone sculptures, representing events recorded in the Book of Genesis. On the outside of the choir the events of the New Testament history are represented. The general style is the very early pointed architecture. Those parts that were erected in the fourteenth century were built in the same style as the earlier portion.

The three western porches are composed of a series of arches retiring one within the other, the intermediate mouldings being adorned with the figures of angels and saints, and of scriptural scenes. Among them may be remarked the figures of Moses and Aaron; our Saviour treading the wicked beneath his feet; the rider on the red horse, who appeared at the opening of the second seal, in the Revelations. On the doors are carved Christ bearing the cross, and the Virgin veiled as the mother of sorrows. At the summit of the portal is the Eternal Father in his

glory, surrounded by the prophets; beneath Him is the Lamb; and still lower, our Saviour, in his human form, surrounded by angels.

The portal of the Virgin, on the left, presents the same general appearance as that of the centre, having in the niches various bas-reliefs, representing subjects taken from church history; but, however, the most curious and interesting subjects at this entrance are, the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the agricultural labours of the twelve months of the year. The eighth sign, Virgo, is represented by a sculptor forming a statue, supposed to be that of the virgin. On the right side of this pillar are sculptured the six stages of the life of man, from youth to old age, and on the left the changes of the seasons.

The portal of the southern front is ornamented with subjects from the history of St. Stephen, to whom the first church on this spot was dedicated. Above these bas-reliefs is a figure of Christ pronouncing a benediction. The porch is surmounted by pinnacles, the centre one of rich open work; above this is the great rose window.

The great northern porch is very similar to that of the south. On the pillar, between the two doors, is a statue of the Virgin trampling on the dragon. In the lancet-form space above the door, are the nativity, the adoration of the wise men, the presentation in the temple, the massacre of the innocents, the flight into Egypt, and some of the miracles of our Lord. The arches are ornamented with small figures of angels, martyrs, &c. In the space at the vertex, sits a monarch enthroned, presenting a sealed volume to some kneeling applicants.

The porte-lough is an exquisitely sculptured doorway, surmounted by a triangular canopy, with crocketed pinnacles. In the triangular space under the vertex of the archway, are Jesus Christ and the Virgin crowned by an angel. In the wall between the porte-lough and the eastern extremity of the church, are seven bas-reliefs, representing the death, the funeral, and the assumption of the Virgin; Christ surrounded by angels; Christ and the Virgin on the throne; the Virgin at the feet of Christ in agony; and a woman about to sell herself to Satan delivered by the Virgin.

The interior of the church is not so rich as the exterior. The rose windows of the transept are very fine, and they still preserve their stained glass of the thirteenth century, being all that remains of it in the cathedral. The nave and the aisles are paved with marble, and the aisles round the choir with stone and black marble. At the entrance of the nave are two large shells in marble for holy water. The first object that strikes the eye on entering the choir, is the carved work of the stalls in oak, which excels everything of the kind that I have seen. The wainscoting above them is decorated with bas-reliefs, representing the principal events in the life of the Virgin. The stalls are terminated with two thrones of great beauty, surmounted by canopies, and adorned with angels, holding various religious emblems; above which, is a cornice, and eight pictures in the following strange order :—*The Adoration of the Wise Men ; the Birth of the Virgin ; the Visitation ; the Annunciation ; the Assumption ; and the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple ; the Flight into Egypt ; and the Presentation of Christ in the Temple.* The pavement

is of costly marble, and in the centre is a brazen eagle, which serves as a reading-desk.

The sanctuary and high altar are each approached by flights of steps. Over the altar is a splendid marble group, by Conston, of the Descent from the Cross. Upon the exterior of the wall which encloses the choir, are twenty-three curious and highly valued sculptured compartments, executed in the year 1352, representing the life of our Saviour. Above these reliefs are eight fine pictures, relating to the lives of St. Stephen, St. Paul, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, St. Andrew, and others.

The various chapels of Notre Dame, formerly contained sumptuous tombs of noble families; but they were stripped of their riches at the revolution, though some of them have since been repaired. Pictures of various degrees of merit adorn the walls of these chapels; among the principal of which are, Christ driving the dealers from the Temple, by Halle; St. Charles Borromeo administering the sacrament to those infected with the plague at Milan; the descent of Christ into hell, by Delome; and St. Hyacinth re-animating a corpse, by Heim.

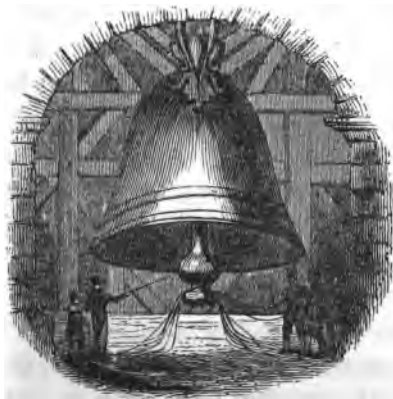
The chapel of St. Julien-le-Pauvre is enriched with wainscoting, executed in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and brought from the chapter-room of Notre Dame. It represents figures of the apostles and saints, and in three hollow gilt busts are some of the reputed relics of St. Ursula and her companions, the famous 11,000 virgins of Cologne.

I now entered the sacristy, through a richly sculptured door. Here were preserved many of the most precious relics that had escaped the fury of the revolutionists of 1789, besides several objects of art of the middle ages; but in 1834 the mob broke in,



and, headed by the officers of the National Guard, destroyed almost everything within their reach. The

coronation robes of Napoleon, and the splendid dresses which he presented to the bishops on the occasion of that ceremony, were torn up for the sake of their gold embroidery. They have, however, since been repaired, and were exhibited to me as the identical robes the emperor and the ecclesiastics wore at the sacred service referred to.



The church formerly possessed a fine peal of bells, of which one only remains. It is named Emmanuel Louise Thèrese, and escaped the fury of the revolu-

tionists ; it weighs 32,000 lbs., and the clapper 676 lbs. The other great bell, named Marie, was broken and melted down in 1792, as were the eight bells of the northern tower.

When I entered this venerable building, there were very few persons in the aisles, and they were at their devotions. The solemn exercise in which they were piously engaged, added to the silence of the place, was strikingly impressive. I could not help reflecting upon the multitudes who had at different times worshipped in that temple. Generations had passed away, and the present one would quickly follow them to the grave, to be succeeded by others ; but by the contemplation of enduring monuments, such as this, we feel our connection with past and future ages, and are reminded of the universal brotherhood of the race of man.

I was not able to reach the inn before five o'clock, and it may be supposed I was fatigued ; and yet such was the pleasant excitement which I had felt from the interesting objects I had seen, that after dinner I set out to view the Palais Royal.

This splendid edifice, built in 1629, by Cardinal Richelieu, and bequeathed by him to his sovereign, Louis XIII., became afterwards the abode of that king's widow and her younger son, Louis XIV.; from which circumstance it was called the royal palace, although the queen, from gratitude to the donor, caused the inscription, "The Palace of the Cardinal," to be placed over the principal portal. In 1692, Louis XIV. gave it to his nephew, Philip of Orleans, on his marriage, from which period, till the latter end of the last century, it remained the private, but magnificent, residence of the Orleans family.

On passing the first court, or square, I entered the vestibule, to the right of which is the grand staircase, leading to the apartments of the Duke of Orleans, now king Louis-Philippe. This conducted me to another court or square, where is a second magnificent façade, composed of two pavilions.

Beyond this, I entered another capacious oblong enclosure, formed of the buildings of the Palais Royal itself. Here piazzas, or arcades, make a

covered walk along three of its sides, while above the ground floor runs a gallery, from which entrance is obtained to the magnificent houses that surround this space, which encloses six acres.

At first, the whole of this immense building was, as I said before, the princely residence of the Orleans family ; but, at the time of the bloody French revolution, the proprietor, to repair his wasted fortune, had converted the principal parts of it into a bazaar of shops, which produced a large rent, retaining only the buildings of the first two squares for his own accommodation.

The shops of the Palais Royal are brilliant, and are nearly all devoted either to toys, ornaments, or luxuries. Nothing can be more elegant and striking than the numerous collections of ornamental clocks and time-pieces to be seen here. There were also large assortments of jewellery, especially of bracelets, of exceeding elegance ; snuff boxes, chains, seals, plate, ribands, silks, and other beautiful things. All was glitter, vivacity, and chatter. The ladies passing up and down ; the gentlemen among whom

were numerous officers of the national guard in their gaudy dresses ; and the numerous passers



through of every description, render the Palais Royal a scene not to be surpassed in its way.

The shopkeepers of the Palais Royal are said to be sadly given to cheating, and they certainly are in the habit of asking for an article three times as much as they are willing to take. One part of the gallery is known as the Camp of the Tartars, and the glazed gallery, on the side of the Rue Richelieu, is called the Camp of the Barbarians.

Beneath the ground story are subterraneous apartments, devoted exclusively to the amusement or refreshment of the lower orders. Here are to be seen dancing dogs, conjuring cards, and, at one of the caf  es (or coffee-shops) are a number of blind musicians,

always ready to be hired. All these underground caf  es are the scenes of much vice; but the good policy of the present king has done a great deal to put a stop to scenes that were formerly a disgrace to a Christian country. There is but one Palais Royal in the world, say the Parisians, with whom the place is a favorite above all others. I think it is a very good thing for the world that there is but one.

It would be no difficult matter to pass one's whole life in the Palais Royal, without feeling the necessity of going one step beyond its walls. Here, too, is food for reflection, day and night. There is also no want, either natural or artificial, no appetite of the grosser, or more refined order, no wish for the cultivation of the mind, or decoration of the person, which may not here find gratification and perpetual variety. No age, no temper, no station, could ever leave it without, at least some desire to return and see it again.

The restaurateurs, or keepers of dining-houses, in the Palais Royal, are by far the most famous and most frequented. Their larders are the choicest,

their bills of fare the longest, and their rooms the most elegant in Paris. When I dined at these places, I had here the choice of more than a hundred dishes, above twenty sorts of dessert, upwards of twenty kinds of wine, and more than twenty species of liquors.

The coffee-houses, or *cafés*, form another point of meeting for the multitude, whose daily habit it is to gossip and drink coffee at these places. Some of the most splendid are on the ground floor, particularly that called the Three Brothers, which more resembles the *salon* of some gorgeous palace than a coffee-shop.

The Palais Royal has long been notorious for its gambling-houses, and, before the late regulations, they were scenes of the most awful iniquity. They are now constantly watched by a set of men, known under the name of *boule-dogues* (bull-dogs), whose business it is to give an eye that no persons of notoriously bad character shall gain admittance, as also to exclude very young persons.

As my visit to Paris was not to dive into its wick-

edness, I contented myself with a very cursory look into these places, and, shrugging up my shoulders with the air of a native Frenchman, I soon took my leave of them.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE HOTEL DE VILLE.—THE PLACE DE GRIEVE.—BRIDGE OF
ABCOLE.—ROYAL LIBRARY.—ITS HISTORY.—BAPTISMAL FONT
OF CLOVIS.—ARMOUR OF FRANCIS I., AND OTHER CURIOSITIES.
—HOTEL DES MONNAIS.—THE LUXEMBOURG.—THE PANTHEON.

My appetite for sight-seeing was by no means satisfied, and as soon as breakfast was over, next morning I sallied forth.

Passing along the northern bank of the river, I soon reached, on my left, a building of regular and elegant architecture; it was the Hotel de Ville, *the Town Hall* of Paris, famous as the scene of many events of interest. It was, at the time I visited it, undergoing repair; the old front had been cleaned,

and carefully restored, and the interior was going through the same process. In consequence of this, I could not see the whole, but I was shown the room in which Robespierre held his meetings, and where he attempted to shoot himself, and also the balcony on which his present Majesty, Louis-Philippe, was embraced by La Fayette on a memorable occasion.

The Grand Hall, or Salle de Trône, occupies the whole length of the centre of the building. The embellishments of this apartment are superb. The side of the building next the river contains the dwelling of the prefect of the Seine, and is entered by an open gateway under the left wing. The rooms appertaining to it are decorated in a very brilliant, though chaste style. The refreshment room (*salon de café*) is a charming room, with sculptured marble ornaments, and hung with yellow silk, embroidered with silver.

The Place de Grève (or *Strand*), opposite the principal entrance, is famous in French history for deeds of blood. Its pavement has been stained with the blood of the victims of several revolutions, but it is

hoped that it will henceforth be a stage for more peaceful events.

The edge of the river for half a mile near this spot, is enlivened by hosts of washerwomen ; while baths and boats of charcoal cover its surface. The *Fête des Blanchisseuses*, or Festival of Washerwomen, was celebrated here a few days ago. Nearly the whole surface of the river was covered with dancers, broad floors being laid upon boats. In the intervals between, boats of all sizes, adorned with flags and streamers, were rowing about, filled with washerwomen, just from the froth, like so many Venuses. The one considered the most beautiful of the washerwomen, the queen of the suds, was rowed in a triumphant gondola gaily decorated.

Opposite the Place de Grève, is a small suspension bridge for foot-passengers. It was the scene of a fierce conflict between the royal guards and the people in 1830. It derives its present name, the Bridge of Arcole, from a young man, who headed the people in their advance upon it, with a small flag in his hand, and was killed under the archway in the

middle; and, from his name being Arcole, and that suggesting the notion of the bridge of Arcola in



Italy, where Napoleon fought one of his famous battles, the present name was applied.

I now reached the Royal Library (Bibliothèque du Roi) in the Rue Richelieu. The exterior is plain enough, and nearly as sombre and dusty as the Gray's Inn-lane entrance to Gray's Inn. An archway admits you to a court entirely surrounded by buildings, in the centre of which is a statue of Louis XI.

The Royal Library is of very great antiquity, dating so far back as the reign of John; various

monarchs since his time have added to it. Charles VII. contributed what the conquest of Naples enabled him to collect; Louis XII. added to it the library of the great Italian poet, Petrarch; Francis I. enriched it with numerous Greek MSS.; and Henry II. secured its progressive and rapid increase by a decree, which compelled the booksellers to present the royal library with a copy on vellum of every work which they published.

In the first room I observed above two hundred persons busy reading, writing, and copying, all at their perfect ease, by no means incommoded by the presence of strangers. There were many ladies amongst them. .

In the second room is a bust of Louis-Philippe, and in the gallery to the right is "the French Parnassus," beautifully sculptured; it represents a little mountain, covered with figures of the most celebrated poets and musicians of France. Louis XIV. appears under the figure of Apollo, which I thought extremely ridiculous, and a fair specimen of the kind of flattery of that day. In the cabinet of antiquities

is a basin of porphyry, said to have been the baptismal font of Clovis, the first Christian king, who was baptised in 497; and, among other curiosities, two silver shields, said to have belonged to Scipio and Hannibal, together with the brazen chair of King Dagobert, and the heart of Anne of Austria, enclosed in a golden vase. There are also the armour of Francis I.; the celebrated goblet of Isis, encrusted with silver, and engraved with Egyptian hieroglyphics; the seal of Michael Angelo; the sword of the Order of the Knights of Malta; and the chessmen, said to have been given to Charlemagne by Haroun al Raschid, with some other articles scarcely less curious.

But the most beautiful portion of this collection is the antique cameos and intaglios, consisting of rings and seals, exquisitely finished by ancient artists. The cameo representing the apotheosis of Tiberius, with the captive nations conquered by Germanicus, is one of the largest in existence.

In the centre of the apartment is a large buffet, containing several remarkable objects. There is an

ivory vase, eighteen inches in height; there are several articles discovered at Tournay, in a tomb supposed to be that of King Childeric, the father of Clovis; there is also an amusing absurdity, being a bulletin of the Chinese, giving a most faithful account of the destruction of the English fleet by the national junks in the year 1842.

The collection of MSS. consists of about 80,000 volumes, in Greek, Latin, Oriental, and other languages, including 30,000 relating to the history of France. Among them are the MSS. of Galileo; some original letters of Henry IV., addressed to Gabrielle; the prayer-book of St. Louis, and one which belonged in succession to Charles V., Charles IX., and Henry III., which bears three signatures. There is also the MS. of Telemachus, in Fenelon's own hand; autograph memoirs of Louis XIV.; a MS. of Josephus; letters of Racine, Molière, Corneille, Bossuet, Franklin, Rousseau, and other great authors; and, lastly, a volume of 300 pages, containing the names of all the victims of the madman Robespierre.

The collection of engravings comprises nearly a million and a half of impressions, contained in 8000 volumes, or portfolios. They are divided into several classes ; the first contains plates of sculpture, architecture, and the portraits of conquerors ; the second, emblematical and devotional subjects ; the third, Greek and Roman antiquities ; the fourth, medals, coins, and heraldry ; the fifth, public processions, banquets, and tournaments ; the sixth, natural philosophy and the mathematics ; the seventh, romantic and ludicrous subjects ; the eighth, natural history ; the ninth, philosophy ; the tenth, plans and elevations of ancient and modern buildings ; the eleventh, portraits, to the number of 55,000, including every celebrated character who has flourished in any country during the last 600 years ; the twelfth represents the costume, manners, and amusements of every region of the habitable globe. It comprises a very extensive and complete history of the costumes and manners of the French from the earliest times to the present period.

On a ground floor is a room containing the cele-

brated zodiac of Denderah, and other Egyptian antiquities. There is also a portrait of King John, a most valuable relic of French painting; and, in the principal room, is a statue of Voltaire, seated in a chair, with the cunning, unprincipled aspect for which he was remarkable. In the street outside, at the corner of the *Rue Traversière*, stands a monument to Molière, erected by public subscription, and first exposed to view the 15th day of January, 1846.

Passing over the bridge of Arcole, I soon reached the Hotel des Monnais, or *Mint*. Here I was at once conducted to the foundry, where the metal is cast in bars; then to a room where the bars are flattened and punched; next to a place where the pieces are baked; thence to the room in which they are reduced to their standard weight; to another, where they are brought to their natural colour; again, to one where the milling, or making the edge, is effected; and, lastly, to the office in which the coin is struck.

In one of the principal parts of the building is a magnificent saloon containing an immense collection

of the coins of France and other countries, classed chronologically, beginning with the coins of Childebert I., who reigned in 520. The series is almost complete to the present day, containing one coin of nearly every coinage that has taken place since the remote times I have named. There is also a collection of English, Spanish, Mexican, Turkish, and other coins.

Among the medals is an invaluable one of Charlemagne, beautifully executed; one of Charles VIII., date 1461, and of several other French kings; of Mary, queen of Scots, Cardinal Richelieu, and a beautiful and complete series belonging to the reigns of Louis XV. and XVI., the republic, the empire, and the kingdom, down to the present time. These medals are most interesting illustrations of history; and a sight of them afforded me great pleasure, especially when I beheld amongst them a medal struck in commemoration of the visit of our present queen in 1843

I now directed my steps to the Palace of the Luxembourg, and, in my way, came to the church of

St. Sulpice and the Pantheon, which are near each other. The church of St. Sulpice is a building of noble form, as may be seen from the engraving. The



summit of the medium tower is 210 feet high. The interior is very grand and imposing; at the entrance of the nave are two shells, the largest specimens of their kind known, employed to contain holy water. The vaulted roof of the church is elaborately ornamented.

The spacious choir is decorated with painted windows of scriptural subjects, and with colossal statues

of our Saviour, St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John the Evangelist. It is terminated by a magnificent chapel, dedicated to the Virgin. Above the altar, which is of the purest white marble, rise some columns of blue marble, in the composite order, with gilt capitals, supporting an entablature, crowned by numerous figures in bronze. The manner in which the light is admitted above produces an extraordinary effect.

On the pavement of the transept is a meridian line, and the rays of the sun passing through an aperture in a metal plate in the southern window of the transept, form upon the pavement a luminous circle, about ten inches in diameter, which moves across the line, and at noon is exactly bisected by it. The pulpit is of remarkable construction, being supported entirely by two flights of steps.

I now turned towards the noble building, called the Pantheon, formerly the church of St. Geneviève, but now "*dedicated, by a grateful country, to its illustrious men.*"

The portal is in imitation of that of the Pantheon at Rome, and consists of twenty-two Corinthian

columns, each fifty-eight feet high. These form a spacious porch, 112 feet in length, and 12 deep.

The interior of the temple is supported by 130 Corinthian pillars, and is of a very remarkable form. It is one large cross, formed by four smaller crosses, and above the point of union of these, rises a lofty dome, resembling a circular temple, formed of fifty-two pillars, fifty-four feet high. This dome is surmounted by a smaller one, and the total height, from the pavement to the top, is 282 feet. The dome is enriched by paintings, representing the reigns of four monarchs, which have four epochs in the history of France.

The first is Clovis, who, by the persuasion of queen St. Clotilde, renounced the worship of false gods, and acknowledged the truth of Christianity.

Charlemagne and his consort denote the second epoch. With one hand he raises the globe, the symbol of empire, and with the other he protects the laws.

The third epoch is shown by a group surrounding St. Louis, who is exhibiting to his wife, Margaret of

Provençe, the happy result of his endeavours to promote the religion and prosperity of his subjects. Before him, angels bear the standards of his two crusades ; and, on his left, a wreath of thorns placed on a cushion, intimates that he exchanged a regal for a martyr's crown, having died in his second crusade.

The fourth epoch is denoted by Louis XVIII., as the restorer of the monarchy after the revolution and the usurpation of Napoleon. The king is accompanied by the daughter of Louis XVI., and is protecting, with his sceptre, the young Duke of Bordeaux. Two angels hold open the charter, while others are removing the funeral drapery, in which the cradle of the infant had been enveloped.

The greater part of these personages are rendering homage to St. Geneviève, who is descending on a cloud, and appears to manifest her tender regard for the children of St. Louis. In the upper region are seen Louis XVI., his queen, Marie Antoinette, and the young Louis XVII., who appear delighted to find that their relation, Madame Elizabeth, is associated with them in the holy assembly. At the most

elevated point a dazzling light indicates the seat of the Divinity.

I next descended to the cemetery beneath, consisting of an immense series of vaults, where are deposited the remains of many celebrated persons, political, literary, and military. The tombs are arranged somewhat after the fashion of those of Pompeii, and among others are those of Voltaire and Rousseau, the former of which is ornamented with a marble statue, and on the latter is represented a hand grasping a torch. If this was meant for the torch of an incendiary, to indicate how the unhappy man did all he could to set the world on fire by his infidel writings and contempt of all rightful authority, it is very appropriate ; but I am afraid the artist had a more flattering intention in his mind, and meant to express how Rousseau had enlightened his age. When I re-entered the church, three statues, which I had not before noticed, struck my sight ; that of St. Geneviève at the extremity, opposite the porch ; of righteousness in the southern transept ; and of charity in the northern, of colossal dimensions. The pavement of

the church is of stone, and marble tastefully inlaid. The part immediately under the dome is of pure marble.

The Pantheon is intended to contain the monuments of great men. There are at present no tombs erected in the church itself. I hope before any are placed there, that France will have learned in what true greatness consists.



CHAPTER XIV.

DINNER AGAIN.—FRENCH DISHES.—PÈRE LE CHAISE.—PLACE OF
THE BASTILLE.—COLUMN OF JULY.—CLAY ELEPHANT.

It was now time for dinner ; and as I was thinking of returning to the inn, I met a French gentleman, with whom I had had some slight acquaintance in London. He took me to a restaurateur's ; and we soon joined a party of ladies and gentlemen whom he knew ; and we sat down together. Our first course was *soupe au macaronie* ; then some little fish something like pickled sprats, called sardines ; next followed melon and cheese ; then fish again—some very excellent mackerel cooked *au maître de l'hôtel*, that

is, broiled or fried, and sent up swimming in butter. After the fish, came various kinds of poultry. We



had *capon saute aux champignons*, and *ragout à la financière*. Then the meats—*tête de veau en matelotte*, *ris pique à la financière*, and, when I had eaten much more than I wanted, *filet de bœuf* came up.

But this was not all, nor half; for just as dinner appeared to be over, my companions began again with the *entremets*. *Omelette aux fines herbes*, and *artichauts fris* came on the table, succeeded by *entremets au sucre*, *beignets de pomme*, *croquets de ris*, and *gelées*. If you want to know what English names to give to all these dishes, you must refer to your dictionary. But if you inquire what most of them were made of, you must go to a French cook for the

answer. To talk about the English being gluttons, after seeing Frenchmen eat a French dinner, is ridiculous. They seem as if they would never leave off; and if it is but a little they take of each dish, they make it up richly by the number of dishes. You may dine for any price you like in Paris. You may get a dinner for seven sous, or threepence-half-penny. You have then some bad soup, a little meat, dry and stringy—veal or mutton;—whether the animal, of which this was a part, died in a natural or unnatural way, is an inquiry which it is not worth your while to make;—you have a great piece of bread, cut from a loaf three feet long, and some fried potatoes, and water without stint. For eighteen sous, or ninepence, you have all the aforesaid delicacies, and a table-cloth into the bargain; and for twenty, the luxurious addition of a napkin and a fork of albatra metal.

If you pay a little more, you get half a bottle of wine; and for a little more still, a dessert of fruit is added. All these gradations are according to a regular system.

The dinner of which I and my companions partook was a very good one ; and I must own that, after it, as I had walked some distance in the morning, I was but little inclined to take much exercise. But as it was a very fine evening, my friend proposed that I should take a stroll among the tombs of the famous Parisian cemetery, Père le Chaise ; so we took a citadine, and in a short time we reached an open space where a noble pillar was erected, and a little beyond it stood an immense elephant made of Roman cement.

“ Where are we now ? ” I inquired. “ You are now,” replied my friend, “ on the spot where the Bastille formerly stood. The ditch that you see yonder was part of the moat that surrounded the building. The tall pillar is called the column of July, and it was erected under the auspices of Louis-Philippe, and to commemorate the names of 504 patriots killed during the three days of 1830. The figure above represents the genius of liberty. In his right hand is a torch ; in his left a broken chain : he is on tiptoe as if in the act of taking flight. This is certainly not a very happy idea.

Underneath the column were deposited, in July, 1840, the remains of the revolutionary victims; at the same time, the pillar was inaugurated with great pomp, King Louis-Philippe assisting at the ceremony. A little on one side, in a sort of dank ditch, partly protected by a few broken palings, stands the immense elephant of which I spoke. It is more than seventy-two feet high. This was intended as the model of a bronze fountain, suggested by Napoleon, to have occupied this spot. The water was to have issued from the trunk of this colossal figure, each of whose legs measures six feet in diameter, and one of them was to have contained a staircase leading to the tower on the back of the creature. It was afterwards intended to erect an allegorical statue representing the city of Paris, but the monument of July has superseded it. When I looked at the elephant, it forcibly reminded me of the dominion of Napoleon. Like that, it was begun in pomp and splendour, upon gigantic proportions, but fell to pieces by its own weight, a thing of clay and dust.

The view of the elephant led me to inquire some-

thing concerning the manner in which Paris is supplied with water. Its chief supply is from the water of the Seine, which, after filtering through the machines in common use, is considered the best for domestic purposes. Within these few years the waters of the Ourcy have been brought to Paris by means of a canal, and a great portion of the northern division of the metropolis is supplied from this source. The water received from this and several other sources is distributed in every quarter of Paris by means of sixty-five public fountains, some of which are of graceful forms, and add much to the beauty of the city.

We now pursued our course towards Père le Chaise. After passing along a long desolate-looking street, for we were now in the very worst part of Paris, my attention was arrested by observing that the upper part of the street for nearly half a mile was almost one continued succession of stone-masons, in whose shops and at whose doors stood every variety of tomb, gravestone and tablet. Intermixed with them were some little shops for the sale of garlands of everlast-

ing flowers, which it is the practice of surviving friends to place on the tombs when they visit them.



At last we came to the gates of the far-famed cemetery.

It is situated on the slope of a hill ; and the spot has long been celebrated for the beauty of its situation. According to tradition, it was from this place that Louis XIV., when a child, witnessed the combat in the Faubourg St. Antoine in 1652, which was given by Marshal Turenne in honour of the great Condé. Hence it was called Mont Louis.

CHAPTER XV.

PARLEY VISITS THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON.
—THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—PARLEY GOES TO THE
JARDIN DES PLANTES.—LES Gobelins.

NEXT morning, being my fifth day in Paris, I sallied forth, having made up my mind to visit the "Hôtel des Invalides," the Palace of the Luxembourg, the "Jardin des Plantes," and "Les Gobelins," where the famous tapestry is made.

The Hôtel des Invalides is the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. To reach it, I had to pass over the Bridge of Austerlitz, and soon gained a wide open space of ground reaching to the banks of the Seine, and having

In 1763, when the order of the Jesuits was abolished, Mont Louis was sold for the benefit of their creditors. After being inhabited by various persons, it was eventually purchased for the public by the prefect of the Seine, and laid out as a cemetery.

The entrance to it is by a gateway, with two side entrances. Over the gate is this inscription:—

“ Scio enim quod redemptor,
Meus vivit et in
Novissimo die de terra
Surrecturus sum.”—Job xix. 25.

On the right is inscribed,

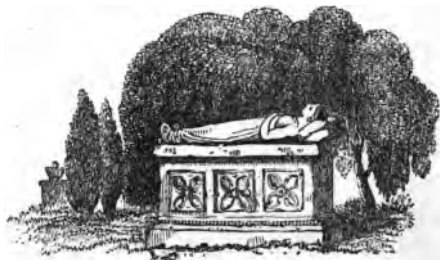
“ Qui credit in me
Etiam si mortuus,
Fuerit vivet.”—John x. 25.

And on the left,

“ Spes illorum
Immortalitate
Plena est.”—Wisdom iii. 4.

As soon as I entered the gate, I turned short round to the right, and a few paces brought me to the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, whose history has

excited so much interest. They were two lovers who loved till death, though they were not allowed to



become man and wife. Abelard died at the priory of St. Morcel de Chalons, April 21, 1142. In November following, Pierre de Cluni caused his body to be secretly removed and sent to Heloise, at an abbey called the Paraclete, where she was living as abbess, and she then placed the coffin in a chapel.

Heloise expired on Sunday, the 17th of May, 1163, and her body was deposited in the coffin of her lover. In 1497 this coffin was removed from the chapel to the great church of the abbey. The chapel erected

here to the memory of these two unfortunates was formed out of the ruins of the abbey of the Paraclete.

The tomb is a very graceful structure, in the pointed style of the 13th century. At the time of my visit, it was undergoing repairs, or rather restoration, at the command of King Louis-Philippe.

To inspect this interesting spot thoroughly would be the work of many days. I can here only notice a few particulars which most struck me. Some of the tombs present an appearance that is very touching. The form of many is that of a small chapel, within which is a little altar dressed up with votive offerings and flowers, with a crucifix above, and garlands of amaranths suspended below, or decking the altar steps. In the more humble resting-places of the dead were little parterres with natural flowers in full bloom, carefully tended and constantly watered. Many were the inscriptions commencing "To my dear child;" and many more "To my dear father," and "To my dear mother." In some of the tombs (the interior of which could be easily seen through the doors, which were either of open iron-work or

had glass windows to them) were the playthings of the little children buried beneath, their little hoops, drums, little chairs and tables. Here and there might be seen near one of these tombs some fond



mother lingering, weeping, on her knees, and bringing forcibly to my mind a verse of Scripture,

“ She goeth unto the grave to weep there.”

There is one day in the year when it is the custom for nearly all Paris to come hither dressed in white

robes, ten thousand at a time, to do honour to the dead. It looks as if "the sheeted dead" themselves had risen from the earth. This is called the "Fête des Morts." Each one brings a garland or crown, and hangs it over a friend or relative. But it is not only on this occasion that Père le Chaise is far from being a solitary place. Every day in the year that the weather will permit, the cemetery abounds with strangers led by curiosity, and with the friends of the dead busied in trimming the foliage or flowers, or in hanging funeral wreaths upon the monuments.

I was but little taken up with the tombs of the great. My mind was more occupied with sympathy for the mourners I saw around me, who were weeping over those who had been dear to them, though perhaps the world never heard their names. But there were some monuments of celebrated men that I could not pass by without interest. Such were the tombs of Haüy, the mineralogist; Fourcroy, the chemist; Chenier, the poet; St. Pierre, the author of the "Studies and Harmonies of Nature" and of "Paul and Virginia;" Mentelle, the celebrated

geographer; and Abbé Gautier, the well-known instructor of the young.

There were also a considerable number of tombs of warriors—Marshal Davoust, Carré Massena, and Count Aboville, whose exploits are recorded on a cannon.

I paused for a moment, when I reached the highest part of the cemetery on the east side. The site is unrivalled in beauty. Montroye, Serres, Mendon, Montmartre, and St. Cloud, are spread before us in a distant prospect. The eye, too, rests upon the green fields and flowing pastures of Montrenil and the forest of Vicennes; and at our feet is the great city *Paris*, its gilded towers, domes and palaces, glittering in the sun, while the frequent hearse is bringing up its contribution to the mansions of the dead around us. This is the favourite spot of the cemetery, and it is covered with the richest array of tombs. Most of the aristocracy are buried here. The dead of the rich and noble houses of Ormesson, Montausin, and Montmorency, and others not less distinguished, repose on this eminence.

As I proceeded through the various walks and avenues, I now and then came upon the grave or tomb of some of my own countrymen, contrasting strongly in its simple plainness with the pageantry of wo surrounding it. The spot appointed for the English is in the highest part of the cemetery, and the French do not like it, as they say the English want to get above the French even in death.

Among the tombs on the opposite side of the cemetery, is that of the wretch David, the painter, one of the monsters of the Revolution, and the intimate friend of Robespierre. I saw also the tomb of Molière, and that of La Fontaine; that of the Abbé Sicard, director of the deaf-and-dumb school; and, lastly, in the middle of what is called the Road Point, stands a beautiful monument erected by public subscription, to the memory of Cassimir Périer prime minister in 1832.

The chapel of the cemetery is a plain building in the Doric style, not very clean inside, nor much decorated. In front of it is an open platform, whence the eye ranges over Paris. Near this point the

Parisians planted some formidable batteries, while the allied armies were approaching Paris in 1814. The pupils of the great military school of Alfort occupied it on the 30th of March, and successfully resisted two attacks of Russian troops; but in the end the Russians made themselves masters of the cemetery, where they bivouacked and cut down many of the trees in the immediate neighbourhood for fuel.

While I was in the cemetery I witnessed two funerals; one of the body of a poor young man killed accidentally by falling from a house, and the other that of the wife of a merchant.

The first body was brought on an open van, having a canopy above it, trimmed with black and white. Upon reaching the grave, the corpse was hurried from the vehicle and thrust into the grave with as little ceremony as we should bury a dog in this country. There was no priest, no prayers, no weeping at the grave, and the whole was over in less than five minutes after its commencement.

The second funeral was attended by a priest, and the whole conducted with solemnity. The psalm

"De Profundis" was chanted by the priest and a clerk ; and after the body was lowered, above a hundred persons, principally young men, sprinkled holy water upon the coffin, one after another. Every one seemed impressed with the occasion. With thoughts of a solemn kind, and just as the evening star arose, we left the cemetery.



CHAPTER XV.

PARLEY VISITS THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.—TOMB OF NAPOLEON.
—THE PALACE OF THE LUXEMBOURG.—PARLEY GOES TO THE
JARDIN DES PLANTES.—LES GOBELINS.

NEXT morning, being my fifth day in Paris, I sallied forth, having made up my mind to visit the "Hôtel des Invalides," the Palace of the Luxembourg, the "Jardin des Plantes," and "Les Gobelins," where the famous tapestry is made.

The Hôtel des Invalides is the Chelsea Hospital of Paris. To reach it, I had to pass over the Bridge of Austerlitz, and soon gained a wide open space of ground reaching to the banks of the Seine, and having

an esplanade planted with trees. Before the front of the edifice is a wide terrace, laid out as a garden, and



bounded by a fosse. On it are placed some fine bronze cannon.

The Home of Invalids was founded by Louis XIV., on the plan of the architect Bruaut; and was completed in eight years. In this noble building 7000 veterans, who have fought and bled for their country, find a calm retreat, when age or wounds remove them from their military career.

The edifice is composed of five courts of equal form and dimensions, surrounded by buildings, and covering a space of 35,488 square yards. The front, extending 204 yards, consists of three floors above the basement. The gateway in the centre leads into the royal court.

On entering this court, to the right and left are four grand refectories, or dining-rooms, each of



which is 150 feet in length, by 24 in breadth. One is for the officers, and three for the non-commissioned

officers and privates. These refectories are ornamented with some very fine paintings in fresco. These paintings represent different fortified towns and places in Flanders, Holland, and France.

Close by these rooms is the larder. More than 2000 pounds of meat are boiled daily, and sixty bushels of vegetables. These are cooked by patent furnaces. There are also two coppers, each big enough to cook a bullock, and a spit that will roast 500 pounds of meat at a time ; but I doubt whether the experiment has ever been tried on such a great scale. The library consists of 30,000 volumes, and contains a portrait of King Louis-Philippe. In the council-chamber are kept the portraits of the marshals of France.

The sleeping rooms are above the refectories, on the first and second stories, and consist of eight spacious rooms. In the buildings on the right is a large quantity of models of the principal strong-holds of France.

The first church, called *L'Eglise Ancienne*, consists of a long nave with two aisles, supporting a gallery,

above which is a cornice, supporting a variety of flags, taken by the French from other nations. I saw but two English ones; but I was informed by one of the old soldiers, that there used to be a very great number; he did not tell me what had become of them, and I did not feel bound to believe him. There are a great many African trophies brought from Algeria. In the time of Napoleon, a large number of trophies of different kinds filled the nave; but when the allies approached Paris, in 1814, the minister of war ordered them to be burnt, and the sword of Frederick the Great, which had been preserved here, to be broken.

In different parts of the church I observed monuments to distinguished military commanders, among which were those of Marshal Jourdan and of Count Lobau. The pulpit is of white marble, with ornaments of gold. The high altar, covered by a canopy and supported by Corinthian pillars, is of wood and bronze gilt.

The second church or dome, as it is called, is built at the southern end of the first church. It consist of a circular tower, surmounted by a dome, rising out

of a mass of square building. From its summit issues a lantern, surmounted by a short gilt spire. The external appearance of the dome is very fine; but compared with our St. Paul's, it is insignificant. The total height from the ground to the top of the cross is 323 feet.

The entire pavement underneath the dome is formed of marble, inlaid with lilies and cyphers, the arms of France and the cordon of the order of the Holy Ghost. There are six chapels in the dome; they are adorned with Corinthian pilasters bearing entablatures highly ornamented. The last chapel, in the south-west corner, dedicated to St. Jerome, was the temporary receptacle for the body of Napoleon, brought from St. Helena by permission of the English government, in 1840, and placed in the church on the 15th of December following. Over the sarcophagus was laid the emperor's sword and hat.

The entire ceiling of this grand sanctuary is painted or gilt. The principal painting of the ceiling represents St. Louis, arrayed in his kingly robes; entering

into glory amidst angels, and presenting to Jesus Christ the sword with which he triumphed over the enemies of the Christian faith. This picture is fifty feet in diameter, and contains more than thirty figures of colossal size.

From the dome used to be suspended a second collection of colours; they exceeded 3000. But when the allies were about to enter Paris, the Invalids tore down the banners and made a fire of them, that it might not be said they were re-taken; not expecting (as would most likely have been the case) that the allies would have respected the valour even of an enemy.

At the time of my visit, workmen were employed in the interior of the dome, on the new tomb designed for Napoleon Bonaparte; which will be placed directly under the centre, and is to be remarkable for its simple elegance rather than its elaborate grandeur. The sword, hat, imperial crown, iron crown, and grand decorations of the legion of honour are to be placed on it. The view of these objects will produce more effect on the minds of thoughtful beholders

than allegories or bas-reliefs, however well they may be executed.

The Hôtel des Invalids is a fine institution ; but I must still say that, amid all the glitter and the gold, there is a total want of comfort in every one of the apartments, which are by no means to be lauded for cleanliness.

I now directed my steps towards the palace of the Luxembourg. This edifice was constructed by order



of Marie de Médicis, wife of Henry IV., after designs by Desbrosses. Its external appearance is seen in the picture. The façade towards the court differs

but little from that towards the garden, which is here given.

On entering the apartments, passed through a second chamber, a waiting room, and a messenger's room, into the "Hall of the Councillors of State," which is ornamented with a fine portrait of Louis-Philippe. Thence I proceeded to the Chamber of Peers; the hall in which the peers of France, (*i. e.*, the French House of Lords) hold their deliberative meetings; it is a handsome semicircular room, about ninety feet in diameter. The peers' chairs are arranged in semicircles; and in the middle of the axis is a recess, raised. In this are placed the seats of the president and secretaries. The walls of the hall are of finely carved oak, and are ornamented with busts of the marshals of France. The ceiling is painted in compartments, containing allegories of law and justice; and on each side of the president's chair is a large picture; that on the right representing Louis XI. with the Dauphin receiving the deputies of France; that on the left, Philippe de Valois complimented by the peers on the reforms he had instituted. In the

front of the president's chair is the bust of the king.

I now descended to the ground-floor, and entered the chapel, a plain room, containing however a monument to the amiable Fenelon, which of itself is sufficient decoration. Adjoining, is the *chambre à couché de Médicis*; a most splendid apartment, decorated in the sumptuous style of her time. The centre of this ceiling is by Rubens, and there are also seven other paintings by the same master in this room.

I next went to the new library, which extends along the whole of the garden front. In the buildings on the east side of the court is the gallery for paintings, now appropriated to the reception of the finest works of living French artists, purchased by the government. The ceiling presents the signs of the zodiac in twelve pictures, by Jordaens, and the rising of Aurora. In the rotunda and to which this gallery leads, is the celebrated bathing nymph by Jullien.

The garden of the Luxembourg corresponds in beauty with the edifice to which it belongs. The principal walks are luxuriantly ornamented with

orange trees tastefully arranged, and presenting picturesque groups interspersed with vases and statues from the antique. A large sheet of water, surrounded by a terrace, spreads itself in front of the building; and beyond it is a long avenue leading to the observatory, the entrance to which is adorned by two lions of white marble copied from the antique; and in the distance is seen the observatory. On the right is a nursery ground; and on the left, the botanical garden of the school of medicine.

Between the garden of the Luxembourg and the observatory, is the spot where the unfortunate Marshal Ney was shot, in 1815. There are numerous statues and vases along the walks; the statues generally represent fabulous divinities, Bacchus, Venus, Apollo, Vulcan, Hercules, &c.; and interspersed with them are orange trees, which add greatly to the beauty of this lovely spot, which if not so magnificent as the gardens of the Tuileries, yet ranks amongst the most beautiful promenades of Paris.

I now walked to the observatory, a square mass of building having octagonal towers. It stands exactly

north and south, and a meridian line runs through the great hall. The building is completely vaulted throughout, and has neither wood nor iron in its construction. The north hall is adorned with good paintings, representing the Seasons and the signs of the zodiac, together with portraits of celebrated astronomers. Here is also a marble bust of Cassini.

On the ground-floor is a staircase of the geometrical kind, leaving a vacuity or well in the middle, 170 feet deep, said to have been formerly used for viewing the heavenly bodies in the day-time. It was constructed for the purpose of measuring the acceleration of falling bodies.

On the first-floor is a telescope, 22 feet in length and 22 inches in diameter, which has not been used since it was discovered that short ones answer the purpose better. On the second-floor is a spacious room, containing maps, globes, and astronomical instruments. Upon the floor of another room is a map of the world, engraved by Chazelles. Here may be seen also the dial of an anemometer, which indicates the direction of the force of the wind; and

also two pluviometers, for ascertaining the quantity of rain which falls at Paris; and a mural arch, constructed by order of the Duc d'Angoulême.

There is a connection between the bottom of the well and a series of caverns, formerly used for experiments in congelation. These communicate with the subterranean galleries formed by the ancient quarries and extending under all the parts of Paris. In these caverns are very beautiful stalactites, formed by the water filtering through the rocks. In one part, called the "Salle des Secrets," is a singular phenomenon in acoustics, something like the whispering gallery in St. Paul's. If a person whisper against one of the pillars, he may be distinctly heard by a person at the opposite pillar, though not by any one in the centre of the room.

Having left the observatory, I hastened towards the "Jardin des Plantes." But this title ill expresses the real nature and interest of the place; for, in addition to a noble botanic garden, it contains a large menagerie, and a museum of natural history and anatomy.

When I entered the eastern gate, I observed the gallery of zoology or cabinet of natural history, at the lower extremity of the garden. Having determined first to visit the botanic garden, I commenced in this quarter. At its entrance there were several square enclosures; the first contained a curious collection of every soil and manure, exhibiting experiments on their comparative fertility and value; among the rest, there were beds of soil treated with various kinds of guano.

The second enclosure contains specimens of every kind of fence, hedge and ditch. It likewise exhibits the different methods of training espalier fruits, evergreens, &c. Beyond these I saw specimens of all the culinary vegetables, and of every plant that had been appropriated as the food of man, with the most approved and successful modes of cultivating them.

In the next enclosure were specimens systematically arranged of all the fruit trees, with their numerous varieties, of which France or the neighbouring kingdoms can boast.

I then arrived at the botanic garden. It contains

nearly 12,000 plants, arranged according to the system of Jussieu. Every specimen is labelled; the beds are divided by little hedges of box; and a pleasing variety of shrubs are interspersed.



A most extensive range of conservatories stands on a rising ground; they are built of iron, and contain a most beautiful collection of shrubs and flowers. Every plant is labelled, the labels being placed in the most conspicuous situation. Here may be seen plants from various climates, especially those of the torrid zone. The vegetable riches from the smallest blade of grass to the immense palm are planted here, in soil suited to their growth, and protected by art from injury or decay.

Another part of the garden is called "Rue Cuvier," which contains some of the most beautiful trees of New Holland, the Cape of Good Hope, Asia Minor, and the Coast of Barbary. Between the conservatories is a path conducting to two mounds. One called the labyrinth is of a conical shape, having on its top a pavilion, from which a good view of Paris can be had. On the side of this hill is a noble cedar of Lebanon, the first raised in France. The western hill is a nursery of fir trees, containing some of nearly all the known species. Below is the amphitheatre, which will hold 1200 persons; and at its door stand two Sicilian palms of great beauty, twenty-five feet in height.

The menagerie is very poor indeed, compared with our collection in the Regent's Park, and the animals neither seemed to be well fed nor lodged. Amongst them I noticed a curious goat with three legs, having two behind and one before, situated in the centre of his chest. The poor animal seemed, however, to limp along pretty comfortably.

The museum is at the end of the garden. I first

visited the library, containing a large collection of works on natural history. There are a large number of manuscripts; and the magnificent paintings of fruits and flowers upon vellum fill ninety portfolios, with upwards of 600 drawings.

The portion of the museum which once bore the name of the "Cabinet of Natural History," now called the "Gallery of Zoology," is 390 feet in length. Very plain in its style, and confined to a series of small rooms, almost in a state of dilapidation, it is by no means to be compared with our collection at the British Museum.

The stuffed specimens of mammiferous animals comprise about 500 species, and are arranged according to the system of Cuvier. The collection of birds comprehends 6000 specimens; the collection of fishes about 5000; and in rooms below is placed the collection of reptiles, perhaps the richest in the world; it consists of 1800 specimens, divided into four orders, namely, chelonians or tortoises, saurians or lizards, crocodiles, &c., ophidians or serpents, and batrachians, comprehending toads, frogs, &c.

After these, came the collection of animals without vertebræ. There are about 25,000 species, comprehending the crustacea, the arachnides, the insects, the annelides, and the worms. Then follow the shells the echini, and the polypi. The collection of the tubiporles, madrepores, millepores, corallines and sponges is very good. The whole collection contains 150,000 specimens.

I now proceeded to the cabinet of comparative anatomy; and, although I do not understand much of the subject, I was both interested and gratified. This collection is one of the richest in existence; and, as every one knows, was arranged by the celebrated Baron Cuvier. The first room on the ground-floor is devoted to skeletons of the whale tribe and various marine animals. In the next room are skeletons of the human species, from all quarters of the globe. Among the skeletons, is that of the assassinator of General Kleiber. The skeletons which follow and crowd the apartments are not in very good order, but they comprehend by far the greater number of known quadrupeds. Those of the elephant

and the rhinoceros present very striking objects, from their massive size; and a tall man may walk, as I did, under the belly of the camelopard without stooping.

A suite of nine rooms contains *heads of birds, fishes and reptiles*. In another room I saw a *series* of teeth, beginning with those of the horse, and terminating with those of fishes. Then came skeletons of reptiles; amongst which those of the boa-constrictor and other boas show themselves like giants.

Wax preparations of the internal parts of animals now follow. These specimens are of the greatest beauty, and embrace all parts of the human system. The most elegant manner of presenting them to the eye is also adopted; and in many instances the objects are imitated with the most wonderful exactness in wax. A child reclines on a silken couch, with its organs of respiration and digestion visible. In the same room are a series of specimens, representing the several periods of the formation of the chick within the egg, from the first to the twenty-first day of incubation.

The twelfth room contains a collection of skulls and casts of distinguished characters, interesting to craniologists especially; and, as I descended the stairs to the ground-floor, I observed the fossil remains of the ichthyosauri and plesiosauri found at Lyme Regis and Glastonbury. The whole number of specimens in the cabinet of comparative anatomy exceeds 15,000.



A most splendid collection of minerals has been lately arranged in a new building, erected especially for the purpose. It comprehends both mineralogical and geological specimens of great variety and beauty. In the centre of the hall is a marble statue of the illustrious Cuvier, with the names of his immortal

works on the pedestal. The collection comprises all kinds of specimens from the mineral kingdom, from the commonest earths to diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and rubies of surpassing beauty. Silver, gold, copper, tin, lead, and all the metals in their various combinations are to be seen here; and, among other beautiful specimens, is a massive lump of pure gold from Peru, weighing sixteen ounces, and a large specimen of native silver from Mexico.

This collection of minerals, although not in some respects equal to ours in the British Museum, is still unrivalled in Europe, on account of the great variety of choice specimens it exhibits.

The collection of fossils is particularly valuable, having been arranged by the hand of the great Cuvier. The number of mineralogical and geological specimens exceeds 60,000.

The botanical gallery is a general herbal, containing about 50,000 species. In the lower division is a very extensive collection of woods of all kinds, with specimens of the bark, leaves, root and fruit, &c., of many of the larger trees and plants. I was particu-

larly struck with the collection of the fungus family in wax, which had all the appearance of reality and life. There is also a very rare collection of fossil plants from the coal measures, and a collection of foreign fruits in wax and plaster. The total number of dried plants preserved here, exceeds 350,000.



I now directed my way towards “Les Gobelins,” the great tapestry manufactory, by passing south-

ward through a few narrow dirty streets with houses overhanging them. In one of the wider of these streets, in the shop of a mercer, I observed painted all over the front of the house a number of circles, within which were placed large figures, from one to seventy or eighty. After puzzling myself exceedingly to know what this unusual appearance denoted, I was at last informed that the numbers corresponded with the numbers given to ladies, who had left their boxes of furs to be cleaned or preserved for the coming winter, and that they were placed outside the house, that the owners might always know where to find them. This seemed to me to be a very clumsy way of managing a very simple affair.

I now reached the gate of the manufactory, which was close to a little dirty river, called the Bièvre, so well known from the numerous mills which are set in motion by its current. The manufactory was originally founded by one Gobelin, a dyer from Rheims, who established himself in Paris in the reign of Francis I. He, however, confined himself to simply dying the worsted. The grand manufactory of ta-

pestry was established by the celebrated Colbert, with the design of producing tapestry equal to that of Flanders. In 1667, the celebrated Le Brun was appointed director of the works.

The work-rooms are six in number, and contain pieces of tapestry in different states of forwardness. The pieces are suspended perpendicularly from the ceiling on large rollers. The warp is vertical, and the workman stands at the back of it, while behind him on the wall hangs his copy, which is generally a fine painting. To this model or copy he refers as he weaves, in all the shades, tints and colours, by the eye alone; and so faithfully are all the finest tints and bolder strokes of art copied, that the tapestry when finished has an appearance scarcely to be distinguished from that of an oil painting.

The principal subjects on which these looms are employed, are copies of the most celebrated paintings of the French and Italian schools.

In the same manufactory are produced also the most superb carpets. In the process of making them, they are suspended on rollers in the same

manner as the tapestry; but with this difference, that in the latter the workman is placed on the wrong side, while in the former he works on the right. The carpets manufactured here are beautiful beyond description. The largest one ever made, was that manufactured for the gallery of the Louvre, which was more than 13,000 feet long.

Les Gobelins belonging to the king, none of the tapestries are sold, but given away—to high and mighty personages, of course. But whether sold or given, there are a great honour to French art.



CHAPTER XVI.

PARLEY VISITS ST. DENIS, AND SEES THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS OF
FRANCE—BONAPARTE'S EARLY RESIDENCE—LA MADELINE.

BEING strongly advised to make a visit to St. Denis, the burial place of the kings of France, I took an early opportunity of doing so. This city is a very small one, two leagues from Paris, on its northern side. It derives its name from the cathedral being dedicated to St. Denis.

Its origin is said to be owing to a noble Christian lady, named Catulla, who caused a chapel to be built near the spot on which the cathedral now stands. In this she deposited the remains of the martyred

St. Denis and his companions, which she had purchased from the executioner. The chapel was successively enriched by Clothaire, Chilperic and Dagobert I.; and the latter monarch was the first royal personage buried within its walls. Dagobert I. founded the abbey of St. Denis in 613; and Pepin, father of Charlemagne, commenced a new church, which was finished by his son; but of this edifice nothing now remains, except some foundations which are visible in the crypt.

This once beautiful cathedral was reduced, during the revolution, almost to a heap of ruins. The tombs of Guesclin and Turenne, the standard of Clovis, the sceptre and sword of Charlemagne, the portrait and sword of the Maid of Orleans, the bronze chair of Dagobert, and an immense number of relics and curiosities were dispersed. The royal dead were torn from the repositories of departed greatness, the bones of heroes were made the playthings of children, and the dust of monarchs was scattered to the winds.

St. Denis has now resumed a considerable portion of its ancient dignity. King Louis-Philippe, who

may be called the restorer of France, is making the most extensive improvements and embellishing and beautifying the sacred place in a munificent manner.

The grand altar is remarkably splendid; it was erected for the marriage of Marie-Louise and Napoleon Bonaparte. Behind the altar is a shrine, containing the relics of St. Denis, presented by Louis XVIII.

The abbey presents a cruciform ground plan, with double aisles. Its length is 390 feet, breadth 100 feet, and height 80 feet; of the exterior, the most remarkable features are the curious pinnacles which crown the buttresses of the nave, the spire and pinnacle of the western tower, and the richly sculptured doorway of the northern transept. The building, as it now stands, is restored after the construction of St. Louis and his successor, and presents the most perfect specimens of the architecture of their period. At the eastern end of the choir is an elegant lady chapel, containing some specimens of ancient and modern stained glass.

On entering the church, the tomb of Dagobert is

seen on the left. It is a most beautiful specimen of the pointed architecture of the time of St. Louis. On the same side are the magnificent tombs of Louis XII. and Henry II. In the former the monarch and his queen are represented in white marble on a cenotaph, surrounded by twelve arches, ornamented with beautiful arabesques, beneath which are placed statues of the twelve apostles. The other monument is adorned with columns of deep blue marble and pilasters of white; at the angles, the cardinal virtues are represented by four bronze figures; while Henry II. and his wife Catherine repose on a couch.

On the opposite side is the tomb of Francis I. and Claude of France, who recline upon a superb cenotaph, ornamented with a frieze representing the battles of Marignan and Cerisolles. The entablature is supported by sixteen fluted Ionic columns, above which appear five statues of white marble kneeling, representing Francis I., his queen and family.

On the side of the northern door is a column to the memory of Henry III., who was assassinated by

Jacques Clement in 1589. On the other side is a column to the memory of Francis II. At the south door is a beautiful marble column in honour of Cardinal de Bourbon; on the pedestal is a bas-relief representing Jesus Christ in the sepulchre; on the opposite side of the door is a porphyry column to the memory of Henry IV.

It is impossible to describe the hues of the painted glass of the various windows streaming upon you, in "colours richly dight," or the extraordinary effect produced by the painting and gilding of the arched stone work and pillars. Many of the more chaste admirers of the gothic in its purity deprecate this taste; but I must confess that, leaving taste out of the question, the effect produced upon me was a very pleasing one. I scarcely dared to breathe or step loudly on the pavement, so thoroughly overpowered was I by what I saw.

I now descended to the under-ground part, and if I was delighted by the beauty of the church above, I was more astonished at what I saw below. I suddenly came upon a hundred monuments of dead

kings, once famous for the power of their arms or the splendour of their reigns. I shall not enumerate the tombs severally, but will notice, as the most remarkable, the marble sarcophagus in which Charlemagne was interred at Aix-la-Chapelle, the tombs of Charles Martel, Hugh Capet, Philip the Fair, Charles V., Charles VII, Louis the XIV., Louis XVI. and his unfortunate queen, and Louis XVIII.

But the bones of these kings are not under these tombs; for, during the revolution, as I before mentioned, a decree of the convention in 1793, ordered the tombs to be broken open, and the bones of the monarchs to be thrown, indiscriminately mixed, into two large trenches opposite the northern porch; a decree also passed for razing the building to the ground, which, however, was not carried into effect. During the latter part of the imperial reign, the bones of the dead were re-collected, and placed in two large vaults, near the centre of the building. These vaults are faced with large slabs of black marble, upon which the names of the kings and queens are written in letters of gold.

The royal vaults of the dynasty and of the reigning family, are entered by doors at each transept near the choir. The walls are lined with black marble ; the coffins are covered with black or violet-coloured velvet, with ornaments of gold or silver. Here are deposited the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, with those of Louis XVIII. and other members of the elder branches of the royal family, guarded by the massive bronze gates, intended by Bonaparte for the entrance of his tomb.

Upon ascending from the vaults, through which I had been conducted by a very handsome and exceedingly civil young Swiss, and having given him a piece of silver, apparently more than he expected, he very obligingly offered to take me to the sacristy ; a place not usually shown.

I ascended by a narrow door-way behind a pillar, so small as only to admit one person at a time. A staircase, as steep as it was narrow, conducted me to a vaulted room on the story above ; on one side, in a recess, was a small bed, at the head of which hung a couple of swords and a pair of pistols loaded. The

window of the apartment was strongly defended by iron bars; beyond it was a deep fosse, with a high wall on the other side. The Swiss told me that here were kept some of the ancient regalia and other relics, and, opening some cases, a proud array of crowns, sceptres and other insignia of royalty presented themselves.



Here were the crowns of Dagobert and several other French monarchs, sceptres, vases, goblets, a service of sacramental plate used at the coronation of the kings, with some sacred relics. I stood for a long time gazing upon these precious mementos of old times seen by few; and, having thanked my cicerone

for his polite attention, was about to depart;—"Stop," said he, "and I will show you something else."

We therefore again descended the narrow stairs, and in a room below, some persons in attendance opened the presses containing the royal robes, in which Louis XVIII. and Charles X. were crowned, together with the robes of the archbishops, bishops and other dignitaries of the French church, used on state occasions. They were grand beyond all description; and so massive with gold, as to be far too heavy to move about in with comfort. I well remember seeing poor George the Fourth walk, almost overpowered with the weight of his robes, to his coronation; and I could not help pitying him, for, being a fat man and not strong, he evidently suffered a great deal.

It would require days to enter fully into the interesting particulars connected with the cathedral and abbey of St. Denis, and to examine the monuments; and it would fill a volume to describe them, with their many historical associations. All that I shall now add, is to beg of my young readers, should

they visit France, on no account to neglect St. Denis, as a place above all others worth seeing.

Returning with all speed to Paris in the citadine, in which I came, as I had visited what may be called the Westminster Abbey of France, I now had a wish to see the church of the Madeline, which corresponds, in some degree, with our St. Paul's. I therefore ordered the coachman to drive in that direction; and, just as I reached the Rue de la Victorie, I saw my old friend, who had been my companion to Père la Chaise, hastily turning up a narrow street. I shouted out to him very indecorously, and the driver of the citadine stopped unbidden. My friend turning at the same moment, I inquired to what place he was bound; he replied, by asking me to come with him, and see the house once the residence of "the little corporal"—Napoleon Bonaparte—when he had lived in lodgings.

I immediately agreed to accompany him; and, proceeding up an avenue leading to "Les Bains Neothermes," or *new warm baths*, we passed through them and entered a house, containing just three apartments, and those not very large. A very small

room leads into what may be called the saloon; but over head was the den proper of the man who was designed to stir up such a ferment in Europe. It is a little skylighted garret, in which the ambitious spirit of Napoleon passed many a night, and probably dreamed many a dream of future greatness. The bedroom of his sister Hortense, afterwards queen of Holland, was also close by.

In the garden is a bust of Napoleon, under which is engraved :

*" In hac minima jam maximus
Plusquam maxima concepit."*

From this little house we proceeded to one equally interesting, and speaking like it of the fortunes of the emperor; this was the Palais de l'Elysée Bourbon, once occupied by Madame Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., and afterwards a favourite residence of the emperor. It is a plain-looking house, entered from a court-yard. Passing through a vestibule, we entered the dining-room, containing a few poor paintings; one of which is a view of the Chateau de

Benead, on the Rhine, near Dusseldorf; another is a view of Neuilly as it was forty years ago. The next room is the "Salon des Aides-de-camp," and the "Salon de Reception," to which it had formerly served as the council chamber of the emperor.

Adjoining, is the bedroom, in blue and gold, containing, under a recess, the bed upon which the emperor slept, if he did sleep after the battle of Waterloo; and in which Wellington slept soon afterwards, this being the quarters of the duke while he was in Paris with the allied sovereigns. The next room is the "Salon de Travail;" and it was in this that the last abdication was signed; and a little further on are "Les petits Appartments," containing a small library and boudoir, which is exceedingly elegant, and leads to the garden. Through this the emperor passed when he made his final exit, to a carriage waiting for him in the Champs Elysées.

We now directed our course towards the Rue d'Anjou St. Honore, to see "Les Chapelles Expiatoires," erected on the spot where the unfortunate Louis XVI. and his queen were ignobly interred. It

was used as an orchard for some years afterwards ; but the royal graves were carefully marked, by the proprietor, who sent annually a bouquet of flowers



gathered from the ground to the Duchess d'Angoulême. At the restoration of Louis XVIII., the royal ashes were removed to St. Denis with fresh pomp.

The earth that enclosed the coffins was carefully preserved, and whatever could be found of the other victims of the revolution, including the Swiss guards, were placed in two large graves, now grassed over, and forming large square patches on each side of the walk. The two chapels were erected by Louis XVIII., at a little distance from this spot.

The larger chapel is in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome. Within are two statues of Louis XVI. and his queen; each supported by an angel. Upon the pedestal of the king's is inscribed his will, and on that of the queen are extracts from her last letter to Madame Elizabeth. Beneath is a subterranean chapel, where an altar of grey marble is erected over the exact spot where Louis XVI. was buried, and in a corner, about five feet from it, is pointed out the original resting-place of the queen.

Having taken our leave of these sad memorials, we now directed our steps towards the church of the Madeline. Before we reached that beautiful building, however, my friend conducted me to one more place, which sorrow seemed to have made its own.

It was the chapel of St. Ferdinand, in the Champs d'Elysées, situated on the spot where the melancholy death of his royal highness the Duke of Orleans took place, in 1842. The prince was travelling in a cabriolet, to take leave of his parents, the king and queen, when his horses suddenly took fright, and proceeded at a most fearful pace along the road. The prince, anxious to save himself, endeavoured to leap out, but his feet caught in his cloak, and he was precipitated to the ground with great violence. He was taken up and conveyed into the house of a grocer, where he breathed his last, at ten minutes past four o'clock of the same afternoon.

King Louis-Philippe ordered the chapel to be erected, to mark the spot; it is 50 feet long and 20 feet in height, and is surmounted by a cross. The architecture is of the Lombard order, resembling an ancient mausoleum. Opposite the entrance an altar to the Virgin stands, on the exact spot where the duke breathed his last; and over it is a beautiful statue of the Virgin and child. On the left is another altar, dedicated to St. Ferdinand, and corresponding with

it; on the right is a marble group, representing the prince on his death-bed; at his head is an angel apparently ready to present the departing spirit to its Maker. This beautiful sculpture is the work of the deceased Princess Marie, the sister of the prince, and the sculptor of the famous statue of Joan of Arc. Underneath, a bas-relief represents France kneeling over a funeral urn; and around, in stained glass windows, are represented the patron saints of the different members of the royal family.

On the side of the gate by which we entered is a small building, containing a suite of apartments, arranged for the use of the royal family, who frequently visit this mournful spot. All the rooms are painted of a bluish-grey, with black mouldings. The furniture is of ebony. On the mantel-piece of one room is a clock in a black marble case; the hands always mark ten minutes to twelve, the hour at which the prince fell. Near it is a broken bronze column, on which is engraved the 13th July, 1842, with the initials F. P. O. In the outer room is a marble urn, surmounted by a clock, which marks ten minutes

past four, the hour at which the prince breathed his last.

With hearts beating in unison with this solemn scene, we directed our steps along the leafy colonnade of the Champs d'Elysées to the Place de la Concorde; and, turning to the right, the noble church of the Madeline stood before us in all the beauty of a Grecian temple.

The cut annexed presents a good view of this celebrated church. In the form of a rectangle, it measures 326 feet in length by 130 in breadth; it is



raised on a basement 8 feet high, and is surrounded by a peristyle formed of fifty-two Corinthian columns. A bas-relief, 118 feet in length and 22 in height, com-

posed of nineteen figures, ornaments the southern front. The Magdalen is represented at the feet of Jesus, supplicating the forgiveness of sinners ; on the left, angels are seen rejoicing over the repentant sinner. The Saviour sent on earth to call sinners to repentance, suffers those made innocent through his righteousness to approach, supported by Faith and Hope. Charity, accompanied by her two children, points out by her expression, the place reserved in heaven for the blessed. In the angle, an angel receives the soul of a saint quitting the tomb, and shows him the abode of his new state. On the right, an avenging angel with a flaming sword drives before him envy, lewdness, hypocrisy and avarice ; while in the angle of this side, a demon hurls the souls of the damned into everlasting fire. This is the largest modern sculptured pediment which is known.

Below the pediment, the splendid bronze doors next called forth our admiration. They are said to be the largest doors in existence, excepting only those of St. Peter's at Rome. They are ornamented with bassi-relievi, ten in number :—

1. Moses giving the Law.
2. Moses commanding the Blasphemer to be stoned.
3. The Sabbath in Heaven, after the Creation of Man.
4. The Curse of Noah on his Son Ham.
5. The Death of Abel.
6. Nathan reproving David.
7. Joshua punishing the Theft of Achan.
8. Susanna and the Elders.
9. God reproaching Abimelech.
10. Elijah reproaching Jezebel.

On entering the vestibule are three bassi-relievi of Faith, Hope and Charity. To the right, in the chapel for marriages, is a group representing the marriage of the Virgin. On the left is the baptismal font. Passing onwards, in a few seconds, the high altar stood before me in all its beauty and grandeur. It is approached by marble steps, and the principal group represents the Magdalen carried to heaven by angels; around her person flows the long hair, with which she wiped our Saviour's feet. On pedes-

tals, at each of the front angles, is an archangel in prayer; the figures are all above the natural size. This beautiful group is one of the finest specimens of the sculptor's chisel; his name is Marochetti. The cost of it was 150,000 francs.

It is impossible to describe all the paintings and ornaments that glow from the roof and sides of this splendid edifice. The church itself consists of one unbroken nave, lined throughout with the richest marbles and profuse gilding. It is lighted by a series of four circular skylights, in a slightly arched ceiling, magnificently decorated and supported by eight majestic columns. The arched spaces under the ceiling contain paintings, illustrative of the life of the Magdalen: the first represents her conversion: the second the supper at Bethany: the third exhibits her at the cross: and the fourth shows her bringing precious ointments to embalm the body of Jesus: another represents the Magdalen in the desert: and, lastly, she is seen at the hour of death resigning her spirit amidst the hymns of angels and seraphim. On the ceiling over the altar she is

represented in glory; as a repentant sinner, she is placed near Christ, three angels supporting the cloud on which she kneels: on a scroll are written the words *delexit multum*, "she loved much." The Saviour, sitting on a throne, with the symbol of redemption in his hand, is surrounded by the apostles and evangelists. On his right are depicted the representatives of the eastern church, in the persons of the Emperor Constantine, St. Maurice, St. Lawrence, and others. Next came the Crusades; Urban, St. Bernard and Peter the Hermit are urging on the expedition: in the van follow the nobles of Amsterdam. On the left of the principal figure, are seen some of the early martyrs; and, above all, in the dim shadow, is the Wandering Jew; below are the warriors of Clovis and a Druidess flying in dismay. Lower down is Pope Alexander III., who laid the foundation of Notre Dame, and with him some of the Doges of Venice, senators, Joan of Arc, Raphael, Michael Angelo and Dante. Another group represents Napoleon receiving the imperial crown from the hands of Pius VII., which appeared to me to be a climax to the

whole absurdity; for, notwithstanding the beauty of the paintings, such I must pronounce it in design and signification.

Such are the principal features of the Church of the Madeline, which is justly *regarded* as a *chef d'œuvre* of French art. The roof is composed entirely of iron and copper, not a splinter of wood being used in its whole construction. The immense edifice is warmed by means of hot-water pipes, emanating from a boiler placed under the choir.



CHAPTER XVII.

A VISIT TO THE PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY AT SEVRES.—ST. CLOUD.

—THE KING'S SUMMER RETREAT AT NEUILLY.

I HAD often heard of the Sèvres porcelain, and was, therefore, desirous of seeing the famous manufactory. So, having engaged a citadine, I told the driver to take me to Sèvres, distant about six miles westward of Paris; thence to St. Cloud, and back through the wood of Boulogne to Neuilly, the private palace of the King of the French.

We started at an early hour; and, taking the high road to Versailles, soon reached Sèvres, one of the most ancient villages around Paris. There are numerous

country seats surrounding it, and the population seems thriving and happy.

The manufactory contains a museum, which is very interesting in its way. It consists of an immense variety of foreign china, and the materials used in its fabrication; a collection of the china, earthenware and potteries of France, and of the earths of which they are composed; with a collection of models of all the ornamental vases, services, statues and figures of every kind, that have been made in the manufactory since its establishment.

Passing from room to room, the eye fell upon nothing but beauty: the most refined taste united to the most successful execution. The arts of modelling and painting are here developed, in all the variety of which the plastic material is capable. In addition to the productions of modern art, there were Etruscan vases, antique pottery of all kinds, Greek, Roman and Gallic; there was also some of the delf ware of the fifteenth century, the first that was glazed.

I was much pleased with a series of specimens, illustrating the whole process of making pottery,

from the clay in its rude state to the finishing, with accompanying specimens of every defect to which pottery is liable, as it passes through its various processes.

One case contained beautiful specimens of the porcelain of China, Japan and India. Another, specimens of the different manufactories of France.

The porcelain of England, Saxony, Spain, the Netherlands and Portugal formed the contents of another case. And next came specimens of the colouring of porcelain, glass and earthenware, in infinite variety.

Besides these specimens of the art itself, the manufactory contains a show-room of a great variety of articles made on the spot, with prices affixed, of the most beautiful design and execution, and most highly finished.

The number of workmen exceeds 150, and the painters are many of them of the highest order of merit. The porcelain originally manufactured at Sèvres, called "porcelaine tendre," was a composition of glass and earths combined by fusion. That

now manufactured, called "porcelaine dure," is of a different and much stronger composition, which requires great heat to bake it properly. Delighted with what we had seen, we re-entered our vehicle, and directed our way to the town and Palace of St. Cloud.

The town is situated on a high hill on the left bank of the Seine. Most of its streets are exceedingly steep and narrow, and the houses are ill-built; but without the town and along the river are several country houses, remarkable for their architecture and fine situation, which commands a fine view of the wood of Boulogne and the valley along the river, as far as Neuilly. The surrounding country is almost entirely cultivated with vines, except the park, which is of vast extent.

The town took the name of St. Cloud from Clo-dald, grandson of Clovis; who, having made his escape, when his two brothers were murdered by their uncles Clothaire and Childebert, hid himself in a wood which then covered this part of the country; and, after passing his life in a hermitage, died there.

about the end of the sixth century, bequeathing his abode and a church, which he had built near it, to the chapter of the cathedral of Paris.

St. Cloud was burnt by the English in 1358. It was at this place that Henry III. was assassinated



by Jacques Clement. Here it was too that Bonaparte was summoned to become emperor.

The palace is situated to the left of the bridge, on entering St. Cloud. It was originally built in 1572, by Jerome de Goudy, a rich banker; it was afterwards honoured by four archbishops; and eventually presented by Louis XIV. to the Duke of Orleans, who spared no expense in beautifying it. It was after-

wards purchased by Louis XVI. for his queen. It was here that Charles X. was residing, when the revolution of 1830 destroyed the old Bourbon dynasty; and here, too, the second capitulation of Paris was signed, which for ever blasted Napoleon's schemes of aggrandisement, and eventually consigned him to imprisonment for the rest of his days on the rock of St. Helena.

On entering the palace, the grand vestibule presents a magnificent marble staircase; this conducted us to the Salon de Mars. Over the fire-place of this room is a valuable painting of Philip, Duke of Orleans, brother to Louis XIV. The ceiling is painted by Mignon, and is divided into various compartments. It represents in the centre, the assembly of the gods, and around are the forms of Vulcan, Mars and Venus, surrounded by cupids and the Graces.

This apartment leads to the Galerie d'Apollon, a most splendid room with a vaulted ceiling, painted by Mignon. It is divided into nine compartments. Apollo, or the sun, is seen issuing from his palace, accompanied by the Hours. Aurora is seated in a car;

a cupid scatters flowers before her; and the break of day chases the last constellations of the night. The Seasons attend on this superb scene. Spring is represented by the marriage of Hora and Zephyrus, and Summer by the festival of Ceres; the sacrificer is in the act of immolating his victim. Autumn is represented by the festival of Bacchus. Ariadne and the rosy deity are seated in a car drawn by panthers. Winter is represented by Boreas and his children. Cybele implores the return of the Sun; and the ocean, although agitated by a storm, has its shores covered by ice. On the ceiling also are four small paintings, representing, Clymene offering her son Phaeton to Apollo; Cupid presenting enchanted herbs to Circe; Icarus failing in his flight to heaven; and Apollo pointing Virtue to a brilliant throne.

Besides these allegorical pictures, the walls of the apartment are covered with a great number of cabinet pictures, comprising the best pieces of Mignon, Canaletti and others. The windows are adorned with flowers and fruit and a profusion of gilding. Some magnificent porcelain vases are also displayed; and

an extensive collection of cabinets in tortoiseshell, with several small pieces of sculpture.

The next room is called the Salon de Diane. The paintings of the ceiling represent Night; and four other paintings describe the chase, the bath, the repose, and toilette of the goddess of the chase. Here are also some beautiful specimens of Gobelin tapestry, and two fine pictures by Robert. Above this saloon is the chapel, adorned with various specimens of sculpture and paintings.

The Salon de Louis XVI. is now used as a billiard-room. In the centre of the ceiling is a representation of Truth. The rooms were formerly hung with damask hangings of Lyonese manufactory, but now with new Gobelin tapestry; the subjects of which are taken from Rubens. In the king's apartments are some beautiful pier tables of Sèvres porcelain, and an exquisitely sculptured vase of gold and silver of the time of Francis I. All the remaining rooms are decorated with elegance, and contain a great number of interesting objects.

We now descended into the gardens, which nature

and art have combined to render highly picturesque and beautiful. Antique and modern statues, temples, altars, sheets of water, groves and parterres of flowers, are tastefully arranged in every direction; while an extensive and pleasing landscape opens to the view, and the whole city of Paris displays itself in the distance, intersected by the Seine.

The most striking object in the grounds is the cascade. It is divided into two parts; the upper cascade is 108 feet wide, and the same in height. Its head is decorated by sculptures of a river god and a naiad. Sheets of water proceed from them, and fall into a great shell in the centre, whence flow nine other sheets, which, as they fall into other basins, assume many fantastic forms. An alley divides the upper from the lower cascade. Three distinct sheets of water here fall into a circular basin; thence into a second and third; and lastly into a canal, ornamented with a variety of jets.

In the intervals between the cascades are enormous leaden figures, representing dolphins, frogs and reptiles, which spout large quantities of water to a

great distance. In one place a number of jets intersect each other, and on the right a single jet rises to nearly a hundred feet.

The grand Jet d'Eau, called "Le Jet Geant," is to the left of the cascades, in front of a fine alley; it rises with immense force to the height of 140 feet, from the centre of a basin, and throws up 5,000 gallons per minute.

In one of the finest spots in the park stands an obelisk, surmounted by a model of the monument of Lysicrates at Athens (usually called the lantern of Demosthenes), erected by Napoleon. From its summit is a fine view.

Taking our leave of St. Cloud, we proceeded on our way through the wood of Boulogne. This spot has long been famous for duels. Here it was that the Duke of Wellington encamped with the British army in July 1815; but it now bears no traces of the havoc made in the trees, by cutting them down for the defence of Paris and for fuel for the army, being very rich and luxuriant.

As we proceeded slowly towards Neuilly, we had

time to observe on our right a beautiful little villa, erected in sixty days, in consequence of a wager between the Count d'Artois and the Prince of Wales, that the house could not be built in that time. It was built in fifty-eight, and was the property of the late Marquis of Hertford.

We now drew near to Neuilly, a village delightfully situated near the river, where is the summer residence of the king. The park, though small, is very neat, containing about a hundred acres. The building is in the Italian style; and presents in all its apartments a union of simplicity and elegance, accordant with the taste of the king. The bed on which this great man rests, is composed of boards, with a single horse-hair mattress. The queen's drawing-room, which is near it, is the plainest, but the most interesting, room in the palace. Its only ornaments being the prizes gained by the princes, her children, from their first entrance at college. They are all neatly framed and encircled with branches of laurel; and these form the only ornaments of the walls; and to me they were hardly less interesting

than all the glories of Versailles, the grandeur of St. Cloud, or the pomp of the Louvre.

Having seen this little palace, and walked round the garden, which is laid out in the English style ; we directed our vehicle towards the hotel, after having spent another very pleasant day.



CHAPTER XVIII.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—ITS HISTORY.—THE PALACE.—THE PARK.—THE
HERMITAGE OF FRANCHARD.—DROPPING ROCK.—VIERNNES.

MY next excursion was to the forest and palace of Fontainebleau. It is about forty miles from Paris; and I proceeded by the railway to Corbeil, and then took a fiacre, which drove me through the famous forest, which presents some of the most splendid scenery. Here were rocks, valleys, ravines, plains, meadow, lawn and cliff, tree, bush and flowers, in all the beauty of wildness. In one place, a singular line of rocks, composed of detached crystallised masses, interspersed with juniper bushes, extends for a con-

siderable distance in a semicircular form. These rocks mark the boundary of the forest of Fontainebleau, which contains about 34,000 acres of land. In the centre of this thickly wooded spot is the town, which consists of one principal street, with several others branching from it. The palace is situated in a small plain, near which the forest most exhibits its peculiar wildness and grandeur. It is, unquestionably, one of the most beautiful palaces in France; and he who goes to Paris without seeing it, has missed one of the objects well worth seeing.

Fontainebleau rose by degrees from a mere hunting-lodge to a palace. The edifice exhibits specimens of various styles of architecture; but its leading characters is that of the age of Francis I. and Henry IV. Louis-Philippe has now restored it to its original style, by the aid of the first architects and artists of France.

Fontainebleau was a royal residence as early as the twelfth century. I was shown the apartment occupied by St. Louis. Philippe-le-Bel was born and died here; and it was here the revengeful Christiana of

Sweden, caused her favourite Monaldeschi to be assassinated. Here Louis XIV. revoked the edict of Nantes. In recent times Fontainebleau was the prison of Pius VII., who was confined here two years by Bonaparte ; and a few years afterwards it was the



scene of the Emperor resigning over the kingdom of France.

The first suite of rooms into which I was ushered were those occupied in Napoleon's time by his sister, the Princess Borghese, and now most splendidly decorated for the Duchess of Nemours. They are seven in number, and immediately under them are seven other rooms, formerly occupied by the mother of

Napoleon. I then entered, through a corridor, the chamber of Anne of Austria, of great richness; which, with seven more rooms gorgeously furnished and embellished, form the apartments of the Duchess of Orleans.

The Gallery des Fresques, which leads into the apartments of the late Duke of Orleans, is very curious as a monument of the history of the arts. It is a singular mixture of paintings and stucco ornaments, composed of flowers, fruit, children, men and animals, executed by Paul Pouci. Several of the other apartments are beautifully painted in arabesque, and contain superb furniture.

The Gallery of Francis I. has been adorned with a profusion of gilding, painting and carving. At the end of it, under a bust of Francis, is a cabinet of Sèvres porcelain, representing the marriage fêtes of the late Duke of Orleans.

The small apartments entered at the landing-place of the chapel are those formerly occupied by Napoleon. In one of them his abdication was written; and in it I was shown a fac-simile of that memorable

document, with the little round table at which it was signed. To commemorate the event, the Duc d'Angoulême caused an oval brass plate to be engraved, and inlaid on the top of the pillar of the table, with this inscription :—

“ Le cinq d’Avril dixhuit cent
Quatorze Napoléon Bonaparte signé
Son abdication sur cette table dans
Le cabinet de travail du roy
Le 2^{me} après le chambre à coucher :
à Fontainebleau.”

That the top of the table might not be changed, by separating it from the stand, or its identity rendered doubtful, the prince at the same time affixed a seal of the royal arms to the under part of the table itself.

Room after room I now passed through, some of them gorgeous, and others of more simple elegance. The antechamber of the queen is ornamented with tapestry; the subjects taken from Don Quixote. The Salon de Francis I. contains Gobelins tapestry, representing events in French history. The chamber of St. Louis contains a high relief of Henry IV. on

horseback ; the roof of this chamber is very splendid, and was ordered by his present majesty. The grand chamber contains portraits in panels of the kings and queens of France from Francis I.

Descending to the ground-floor, the first place of note is the Chapelle de St. Saturnin, originally built by St. Louis and consecrated to St. Thomas à Becket. It has been restored and ornamented by Louis-Philippe, whose beloved daughter, the late princess Marie, designed the subjects for the painted windows. It contains also the altar at which Pius VII. performed mass during his confinement.

Next I entered a vast saloon, called the " Galerie Louis-Philippe," filled with the most luxurious splendour. Here the Duchess of Orleans was married according to the rites of the protestant church. Passing through several other rooms richly decorated, I arrived at the vestibule of St. Louis, the oldest part of the palace, but recently restored and decorated by the king. It contains statues of Louis VII., St. Louis, Philip-le-Bel, Francis II. and Henry IV.

After passing through some other apartments, in

one of which was the bed of the Empress Maria Louisa, and a private apartment of the Emperor, and his library, preserved as he left it, as well as his study,—I found I had finished the entire tour of the interior; and returned to the open court.

In the gardens are many things worth seeing. Along the front of the chateau the "English garden" extends. It is laid out in the natural or picturesque style; and from the varieties of surface presented by the ground, it affords an excellent specimen of rural beauty; while the sinuosities of the river and other advantages contribute to make a little wild paradise of this beautiful spot. Another garden faces the royal apartments, and is laid out in the old style. Not far from it is a fine piece of water of triangular shape, about 2,500 feet round. In the middle of it is a handsome pavilion, called "Le Cabinet du Roi."

The park is large and beautiful, and is traversed through its whole extent by a magnificent canal 4,000 feet long and 400 broad, fed by streams falling over artificial cascades. Here is a magnificent vine, extending over a space of more than 5,000 square feet.

Again passing through the forest, I reached the Hermitage of Franchard; a wild spot, buried amid rocks and sands. It was once the site of a flourishing monastery. Here I was shown a famous dripping rock, which the vulgar once thought yielded water capable of curing all diseases, but the march of intellect has destroyed the charm, which is now commemorated by a fair on Whit-Tuesday, as full of fun and frolic as that of Greenwich on the same day.

On my return towards Paris, I made a small detour, for the purpose of seeing Vincennes, a village about three miles east of Paris, famous for the chateau and forest, which have existed here from the year 1137. The castle is the central depôt of artillery for the garrison of Paris; and has lately been put in a state of complete defence. The dungeon or keep is a detached building on the Paris side, well worthy the attention of the antiquary. In this fabric Charles V. expired; and here, in 1422, the warlike Henry V. of England breathed his last. Here also died Charles IX., in 1574. The castle, in less remote times, and

to this day, is used as a state prison. The celebrated Mirabeau was confined in it from 1777 to 1780; and in 1804, the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, having been arrested in Germany, was shot by order of Napoleon, on the 20th of March, and buried in the southern ditch of the castle. In the chapel a monument has been erected to his memory by order of Louis XVIII. I went to see both the chapel and the armoury; in the latter were 25,000 pistols and 50,000 muskets, with 40,000 sabres, and various other arms,



ancient and modern. In the forest a mound is formed for artillery practice; and some companies of artillery

men were firing at a flag-staff at a range of about 500 yards. Their practice seemed very good; for the staff was struck twice within half an hour, and the number of balls that passed within a few feet of it was very considerable.

Fatigued with my journey, and almost tired of sight-seeing, I now departed for Paris, which I reached about seven o'clock.



CHAPTER XIX.

WALKS IN PARIS.—THE BOULSE.—CHARACTER OF THE PARIS MERCHANTS.—THE MARKETS.—FRENCH MANNERS.—ASSASSINATION OF HENRY IV.—MURDER OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.—THE ROYAL ARCHIVES.—THE INFERNAL MACHINE, ETC.

HAVING seen all the most famous sights of Paris, I determined that the remainder of my stay should be devoted to making such observation as illustrate more especially the character and habits of the French people, their peculiarities, customs and modes of living.

The first place I went to was the Bourse or Exchange, where all the great money negotiations of

Paris are conducted. It is a spacious building; indeed, it is one of the largest and most beautiful edifices of the kind in Europe. It is a long square, 212 feet by 126, of a noble, yet simple, architecture,



raised on a sub-basement, so as to overlook the adjacent buildings. Over the entrance is inscribed, "BOURSE ET TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE." The roof is entirely formed of iron and copper.

In the centre of the building, on the ground-floor, is the grand place of meeting of the stock-brokers, merchants and agents. It is of the Doric order, and surrounded by arcades; the basements of which, as

well as the sides of the hall, are of marble. On the arcades are inscribed the names of some of the principal mercantile cities in the world. On the compartments of the arcades are some very good monochrome drawings (that is, drawings in one colour), which look like bas-reliefs. One represents France receiving the tributes of the four quarters of the world; then comes the city of Paris with the genius of commerce; and, after that, the union of commerce and the arts. Above the entrance is the city of Paris receiving the rivers Seine and Ourcy, with Strasburg and Marseilles personified. The pavement of this hall, which will contain 2000 persons, is of marble.

And here were congregated the Paris merchants, presenting a considerable contrast with those of England. In vain I looked for the cheerful face, yet with the quick, careful eye, the good humour, the hilarity of our Royal Exchange; there were anxious faces, smoky and sullen, sharp noses and lean persons; quickness and vivacity enough, but with none of the ease with which John Bull conducts business. Every one, however, looked deeply impressed with the import-

ance of the main chance ; and a certain sly cunning in every face showed that Monsieur knew how to take care of himself very well, and was not to be easily over-reached.

From the Bourse I directed my steps to the markets, and stopped a little while at the Halle au Blé, or corn-market ; it is built of cast-iron. The hall is 126 feet in diameter, and the roof, formed of concentred circles of iron, covered with copper, has a round skylight in the centre. An arcade of twenty-five arches passes round the inner area ; behind this arcade, under the double vaulted roofs, supporting spacious galleries, are piled sacks of flour, while the centre contains sacks of unground grain. The place is capable of containing 30,000 sacks. I visited the granaries above, which have a very extraordinary appearance, while upon placing myself directly under the skylight below, and coughing loudly, I was surprised to find it re-echoed several times with remarkable distinctness.

On the outside of the edifice and attached to the wall, is an astronomical column, which Catherine de

Médici ordered to be built in 1572. It is of the Doric style of architecture, and is 95 feet high. At its foot is a public fountain, and on its summit an enormous sun-dial.

Passing back to the Rue St. Honore, at the eastern end, being No. 3, I was shown the house in front of which Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravillac. The street was exceedingly narrow at that time, and being blocked up by a hay-cart going one way and a vegetable cart another, the royal carriage, containing the king and his companion, was obliged to halt; while the attendants pressed forward to clear the way, the assassin, who had followed his victim for several days, mounting upon a large guard stone at the side of the street, plunged his knife into the breast of the king. The weapon went directly to his heart, and in a few seconds the king was dead. The bust of the monarch is to be seen on a bracket, in front of the house, on the second story. The shirt which he wore on this memorable occasion, is now in possession of Madame Tussaud, the celebrated artist in wax.

I now came to the principal markets, several of which are contiguous to each other. The principal, the *Marché des Innocens*, is the most capacious. In its centre is a beautiful fountain; in the midst of which there is a beautiful vase, out of which the water falls in a beautiful cascade into stone receptacles, while four recumbent lions are at the corners of the base, spouting water. The market itself presented a lively appearance; thousands of women of all sorts and sizes, of all ages, and of every grade, from the pretty little maiden of fifteen to those fierce beldames, only to be compared to the witches in *Macbeth*, who have so often set Paris in a flame; and here they sit, in all the glory of chatter and outcry, but withal very good tempered, and exceedingly civil to strangers. One of them, of whom I had purchased some peaches and given too much money, very honestly returned what I had overpaid her, for which reason I spent the sum so returned at her stall, in buying what I did not want. As to the market itself, it was full of every kind of vegetables, melons and pumpkins of enormous size, so as to remind one of

those celebrated pumpkins out of which the fairy manufactured the coach for Cinderella. Champignons by bushels; snails by basketsful; yams, and little short, snubby carrots; chalots, and enormous stacks of salad. Fruit was no less plentiful; grapes, French



plums, apricots, peaches, nectarines, pears and apples abounded. Here and there were intermixed, for the benefit of the early riser, kettles of vegetable soup,

hot boiled peas ; while to and fro paraded some with a tin vessel of lemonade bound to their backs, and a pipe under each arm, having a tap. But in the whole multitude I scarcely saw one of the male sex. Women, women, women, with all the activity, bustle and sharpness which men ought to have. Some carrying astounding burdens in a huge basket, suspended by a broad strap round the shoulders.

Close by this great vegetable market is the "Marché des Herbaristes," where fresh medical herbs are sold ; and the quantity purchased by the sage women and others, who profess the doctor's art, and those who doctor themselves, is very great. Leeches are sold in this market, and little frogs and snails are also sold here as remedies for various diseases.

A little to the north is the Fish Market, which seemed to be well supplied with a great variety of fish, both from fresh and salt water. Among the latter were some enormous conger eels, which are sold by the pound or slice. This leads to the butter market, in which butter in large lumps of seventy or eighty pounds is sold by auction. I was present at several

of the biddings, and saw several lots run up and knocked down with great expedition.

From this I passed to the market of potatoes and onions, where large quantities of those useful roots were on sale, either wholesale or retail. Then I went to the bread-market, which is supplied chiefly by bakers from the suburbs, who are allowed to sell their bread here, on condition of its being under the prices of the bakers in Paris. At the southern end of this market is a house, on the site of the one in which Molière was born; in front of it is a bust of this great comic writer, with an inscription commemorative of his birth in 1622.

From the markets I wandered through the Rue de Cordonnerie; the place for old and new shoes and boots, which have been *translated* from their former owners nobody knows how; and thence to the far-famed Rue de Fripperie, so immortalised by Sterne, as the place in which Le Fleur equipped himself. It is the rag-fair of Paris; and consists of two little streets running parallel, full of clothes-shops, cloth shops and ready-made dresses for both sexes,

Making my way towards "La Prison de la Force," which I had a desire to see, I noticed at the corner of a street, called "La Rue des Francs Bourgeois," one of those old turrets, which are seen in some of the more ancient parts of Paris. Near this turret



the murder of the Duke of Orleans, only brother of Charles VI., was perpetrated, in the year 1407. The duke had been supping with the queen, at the Hotel Barbette, and was going on a pretended summons from the king to the Hotel St. Paul. He was mounted on a mule, followed by two equerries on one horse ;

and, on arriving at this spot, was attacked by an armed band of eighteen men, headed by Raoul d'Octonville, a Norman gentleman. The horse of the equerries ran away, and the duke was immediately set upon by the assassins, crying, "A mort." "I am the Duke of Orleans," he exclaimed. "It is he that we want," replied the murderers, and at the same moment a blow from a battle-axe cut off his bridle hand; several blows of swords and clubs succeeded each other, and he fell to the ground, when a final stroke from a club dashed out his brains. His assassins now held a flambeau to his face, to see if they had made sure work; and a man, whose face was covered with a scarlet hood, came out of the house, and with a club struck the dead body, saying, "Eteignez tout, allons nous; il est mort." They then set fire to the house in which they had been concealed, and withdrew. The Duke of Burgundy afterwards fled from Paris, having confessed to the Duke de Berri, that the deed had been done by his orders, to revenge an insult offered to his wife.

A little further on, at the corner of the Rue St.

Catherine, the Constable de Clessin was waylaid and nearly murdered, in 1391, by Pierre de Craon, chamberlain of the Duke of Orleans. This man had been dismissed from his post, as he supposed, by the constable; and, accordingly, laying in wait for him with twenty bravos, he attacked his supposed enemy, whom he cruelly mangled, but did not wound mortally.

I now reached "La Prison de la Force," which is composed of buildings which were formerly the hotel of the Duke de la Force. Upon entering it, I was struck with the neatness and order that prevailed. The prisoners sleep in large dormitories, clean and well ventilated; there are various workshops for the young, and an infirmary, bathing-room, and other conveniences. There is a complete classification of the prisoners; the hardened thieves and old offenders are put by themselves, as are those who are committed for acts of personal violence, while the milder and better-disposed class are not so rigidly treated.

Retracing my steps by "La Rue des Francs Bourgeois," I entered "La Rue de Temple;" and, crossing it, in "La Rue de Paradis" is the building

which holds the national archives, containing public and private papers, and all sorts of documents connected with the French government. Here I saw the famous iron chest, made by order of the National Assembly, in 1790; the seals and golden balls of the papal decrees; the keys of the Bastile; the silver keys of Namur, presented to Louis XIV.; the famous "Livre rouge," found at Versailles; the testaments of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; the journal of Louis XVI; medals of the empire; autograph letters of Napoleon, and with them the one written to him by Louis XVIII.; and many other curiosities, the sight of which well repaid me for my visit.

Passing onwards by "La Rue de Temple," I entered the Boulevard of that name; and close to the Theatre Lazony, at No. 50, stands a newly erected house, on the site of a low and mean one; from the upper window of which the wretch Fieschi discharged what was well called the "Infernal Machine," formed of a treble row of gun barrels loaded to their muzzles. It was aimed at Louis-Philippe on the 28th of July,

1835, by which Marshal Mortier, Colonel Rieussec, and other persons were killed, and many wounded, while the king was providentially preserved.

This finished my walk in this district of Paris. On the following day I proposed to visit some of the churches, taking a glance at such other interesting matters as might lie in my way.



CHAPTER XX.

PABLEY VISITS SOME OF THE CHURCHES OF PARIS.—ST. ETIENNE
DU MONT.—ST. MEDARD.—ST. ROCHE.—ST. EUSTACHE.—ST
GERVAIS.—DE LORETTO.—ST. GERMAIN DES PRES.

THE churches in Paris are numerous, but not in comparison with those of London. They are, however, far more sumptuous within, if they do not surpass them in architecture. They number about fifty, and are for the most part decorated with the most costly furniture; with saints, virgins and angels in statuary and painting, some of which are by the best masters.

One of the most beautiful of these churches next to the Madeline, although small, is St. Etienne du

Mont. Its architecture is original and pretty, and it is rich in statuary and paintings. The pulpit is a splendid piece of workmanship, supported by a figure of Samson kneeling upon a dead lion; allegorical figures are hovering over, and an archangel with two trumpets is proclaiming an assembly of the faithful. The painted glass is very brilliant; and when I was there, from the peculiar effect of the light, the whole interior looked exquisitely beautiful. A few persons, mostly women, were seen kneeling in different parts of the church, and several upon the marble before the altar. I could hear nothing but the little whispering prayers fluttering toward heaven.

The church of St. Medard is also remarkable, from its having been the scene of some pretended miracles, called the "Convulsions," which once filled Paris with alarm and excitement, and were not discontinued, until the archbishop had placed a strong guard, to prevent people from approaching the tomb of Father Paris. Young girls used to have fits at this tomb, which occasioned comical twitchings of the nerves. Some would bark all night long at the door of their

chambers, and others leaped about like frogs all day. One sister pretended to have lived upon air for forty days; another swallowed a New Testament bound in calf; some had themselves hung; others crucified; and one, called Sister Rachel, when nailed to the cross, said she was quite happy. In their holy meetings, these poor fanatics, beat, trampled, punctured, crucified and burnt one another, without the least appearance of pain. All this was done in the church of St. Medard, in the time of Louis XV., and attested by ten thousand witnesses. Some of the victims were found forty years afterwards in the dungeons of the bastille, at its destruction in 1789.

The church of St. Roche is one of the most celebrated in Paris; and its first stone was laid by Louis XIV. Here the great Corneille is buried, as is also the Abbè de l'Épée, the founder of the Deaf and Dumb Institution. The choir has a fine organ, and behind the altar is a shrine of cedar of Lebanon, richly ornamented with gilt bronze mouldings. On the altar is a group in white marble, representing the Infant Jesus in the manger; and the space round and

the altar itself is most lavishly ornamented, and on grand occasions is beautifully adorned with real flowers of the choicest kind that can be procured.

In the little chapel behind the altar is a piece of sculpture, representing Calvary, which very much struck my attention; it has a charm, seen as I saw it, with the strong effect of evening light, bringing forward the delicate figure of the adoring Magdalen,



and leaving that of our Saviour in the dark shadows of the grave, such as I have seldom seen equalled.

While I was in this church, about a hundred and fifty boys and girls, from ten to fourteen years of age, assembled to be catechised by a young priest, who received them behind the Lady chapel. His

manner was solemn but kind, and his waving hair fell about his ears as I have seen it in the picture of a young St. John.

The largest church after Notre Dame, which I have described in another chapter, is St. Eustache, at the eastern end of the Rue Coquillière. Its exterior is sumptuous. The northern and southern door-ways are elaborately carved, and over them are niches for saints, with small black marble pillars, sculptured with the greatest delicacy. In the Lady chapel is Colbert's tomb; a sarcophagus of plain black marble, bearing a kneeling figure of the statesman, with two female figures at the base. Under the choir is a subterranean chapel of St. Agnes. A little of the painted glass of the choir yet remains, but it is not remarkable. The interior contains a few good paintings, and the altar displays a handsome service of gilt candelabra. The church has also a very fine-toned organ.

St. Gervais is another ancient church, containing many beautiful pictures. The first chapel on the south-side of the nave has a fine one of the cruci-

fixion, and the Chapelle des Trepassés contains a curious one of the delivery of souls from purgatory, at the intercession of the Virgin. The south transept forms the chapel of the Holy Ghost, in which there is a splendid picture of the descent of the tongues of fire at the feast of Pentecost, while the second chapel on the south-side of the choir has a remarkable one of the beheading of John the Baptist, by Guercino.

In a large and irregularly-shaped chapel is the monument of Chancellor Letellier; a sarcophagus of black marble, supported by white marble colossal heads. At the ends are beautiful full-length figures of Religion and Fortitude.

The Lady chapel behind is the most beautiful in Paris. The vaulting ribs of its roof uniting in the centre, descend in an elaborate, open-worked crown. The windows are filled with some of the richest specimens in existence of stained glass, by the celebrated Jean Cousin.

In the north transept is a picture of the martyrdom of St. Juliette and her son, St. Cyr; and in one

of the chapels, north of the choir, is an excellent painting of the Good Samaritan. On the whole, this church is one of the most interesting in Paris.

One of the most beautiful is, undoubtedly, that of Notre Dame *de Lorette*. Its beautiful portico is of the Corinthian order, supporting a pediment, in which is sculptured the Virgin and infant Saviour, adored by angels. Above, are figures of Faith, Hope and Charity.

The internal decorations resemble that of the Roman churches. Throughout the interior the walls are richly decorated, or hung with pictures. The ceilings are gorgeous, being divided into compartments richly sculptured and ornamented. Over the columns and entablature of the nave are eight beautiful paintings, illustrative of the life of the Virgin. The choir is fitted up with stalls, and its walls are encased with rich marbles. The high altar is supported by columns of the Corinthian order, with gilt bronze bases and capitals. The dome is ornamented with figures of the four Evangelists, and on the concave ceiling, behind the high altar, is a splendid re-

presentation of the crowning of the Virgin, executed on a ground of gold.

The church of St. Germain des Près is interesting, as being the abbey church of the most extensive and most ancient of the monastic establishments of Paris, founded by Childebert, son of Clovis, at the instigation of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, in 550. In the earliest times it was famous for its rich decorations, and was called, "The Golden Basilica." Various parts of it, notwithstanding the mutilations it has undergone, afford evidence of its former architectural beauty. The part of the choir which stands between the eastern towers, is particularly remarkable for the devices on the capitals of the pillars; and forms a valuable and curious specimen of early sculpture.

The modern decorations of the church are the high altar, which is of the purest white marble, standing on a raised platform, composed of beautiful French marbles of the richest hues. In the north aisle are two splendid pictures; one, the Martyrdom of St. Vincent; the other, Paul before Agrippa and Berenice. Between these two are, the Death of Ananias

and Sapphira, and the Baptism of the Eunuch by Philip.

In the chapel of the choir, next to the sacristy, is a tomb of James, Duke of Douglas, who died in 1641. The next chapel contains the remains of Descartes, Mabillon and Montfauçon. The north transept contains the tomb of Casimir, King of Poland, who abdicated his crown in 1668, and died abbot of the monastery in 1672. The king is on his knees offering up his crown to heaven, and a bas-relief on his tomb represents one of his battles. The tomb of Childebert once stood in the centre of this church, but is now at St. Denis.



CHAPTER XXI.

LE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.—ST. CHAPELLE.—THE CONCIERGEERIE.—
PRISON OF ROBESPIERRE.—THE PLACE OF SKULLS.—NINON DE
L'ENCLOS.—ARTESIAN WELL.—CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THE next place I visited was the Palace of Justice, one of the oldest edifices in Paris, an immense pile of buildings opposite the river, near the Pont Neuf, and originally the residence of the kings of France. Here all the judicial courts are held, with the exception of the Tribunal of Commerce. The principal façade rises over the Court of Honour, called Cour de Mar; it is ornamented with four Doric columns, surmounted by a quadrangular dome. In the right wing is a

grand staircase, and ascending this, I soon stood in the great hall of the palace, which serves as a place of meeting for the approaches to the various courts. In this court is a fine monument to that upright minister, Malesherbes.

From the central gallery, I visited the different courts, and then passed through a long, narrow, but richly roofed, passage, which brought me to some rooms recently restored in the style of the times of Francis I.; a smaller one, opening at right angles with it, has its panels filled with portraits of the most celebrated French judges and lawyers. At the end of this gallery is a statue of St. Louis; it stands against the wall of one of the towers of the palace, in which the will of Louis XIV., immediately upon its being received by the parliament, was enclosed in a recess and bricked up.

On one side of the palace is seen the church of St. Chapelle, which is now undergoing a thorough repair and restoration. It is built in the florid gothic style; its windows are yet filled with beautiful stained glass, which was made in 1248. The lower chapel is

rich with tombstones, among which is that of the poet Boileau.

The church, with its relics, cost St. Louis a sum equal to a quarter of a million of money. Among the relics, are the crown of thorns, a piece of the true cross, and many antique gems. Recently, while carrying on the restoration of this church, a human heart, enclosed in a casket, was found under the altar, sup-



posed to be that of the founder of the chapel, St. Louis. The relics were brought from the Holy Land; and it is said, that the real "crown of thorns" was bought by the monarch for a sum equal to twenty

thousand pounds, and which, walking bare-footed and bare-headed, and preceded by all the prelates and dignitaries of the kingdom in solemn procession, he deposited at this shrine; there are, besides, Moses' rod, some of the manna, and many other relics, with a great many presents from popes, cardinals and other holy men. A light is kept burning, and priests are watching over them night and day.

Close to these buildings is the well-known prison of the Conciergerie, which is appropriated for the reception of prisoners who are under trial; the entrance to this fabric is in the court of the palace. A sombre archway and a dark vestibule communicates with the jailor's apartments, in one of which Lavalette was imprisoned. At the end is a long dark gallery, in which is a dungeon, where the Princess Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., was confined. I entered another room, formerly the prison of Robespierre. The room in which the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was imprisoned is transformed into an expiatory chapel, which was once beautifully fitted up, and contained some exquisite pictures connected

with the last days of the queen. But both decorations and pictures have been obliterated, the pictures removed, and the apartments devoted to other uses.

Many melancholy reflections passed through my mind, as I paced the dark vaults of this place, for it has been the scene of many massacres. The most recent and fearful was that of 1792, when 239 persons were inhumanly murdered; and in one of the towers which still frowns on the quay below, was hung the Tocsin du Palais, which repeated the signal given from St. Germain l'Auxerrois, for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Having received an order, obtained through the kind office of a French marquis, from the prefect of police, to see the famous catacombs, which are now no longer open to the public generally, I soon made all haste towards the Barrière d'Enfer, by the Rue St. Jaques. The catacombs are immense receptacles for the bones of the dead; and were formerly stone quarries, under the surface of at least one-sixth part of the whole of Paris. The quantity of stone which

was taken out of these quarries for building, has been estimated at 10,000,000 cubic mètres. The thought of converting them into catacombs originated with Lenoir, General of Police. And having



been agreed to, the bodies from the different churchyards and burial places within the walls of Paris, were removed into them.

The ceremony of consecrating the catacombs was performed on the 7th of April, 1786; and on the same night the removal of the bodies commenced. The bones were all brought in the night-time in funeral cars, covered by a pall, and followed by priests chanting the service for the dead. The bones, when first

deposited, were heaped up without any kind of order, but in 1810 they were carefully cleaned and arranged. In the principal gallery the large bones of the arms, legs and thighs are closely and neatly piled together, intersected by rows of skulls, behind which are thrown the smaller bones.

The entrance to this place of the dead is by a winding staircase of ninety steps. After proceeding for about a mile, I arrived at the vestibule of the catacombs. On each side of the entrance is a Tuscan pillar, and over the door is an inscription in Latin, of which this is a translation: "Beyond these bounds rest the dead, awaiting the joyful day of immortality." This gallery conducts to rooms containing chapels; in one of which are deposited the remains of the victims of 1792; another, called "Tombeau de la Revolution," is dedicated to the reception of the bones of those who fell during the early stages of that era. On a large stone pillar is the inscription, "*Memento quia pulvis es*:" and in another are sentences taken from the work of Thomas à Kempis.

One skull out of the millions that are here depo-

sited, was put into my hands by the guide: "this," said he, "is the skull of the famous Ninon de l'Enclos, a lady remarkable for the number of her admirers, whose history most people know." She is said to have retained her charms till the age of seventy, and did not die till she was ninety. She was, in short, one of the most beautiful women of her time, and carried away the palm from all others; and here was her skull, as ugly and repulsive as any one of the thousands I was looking upon. I could not help thinking of Hamlet and his apostrophe.

In one apartment is a collection of fossil remains and mineral productions, which these quarries produced; in another is a scientific assemblage of diseased bones and of skulls of remarkable structure, taken from the three million skeletons deposited here.

I was exceedingly glad to get out of these subterranean abodes of the dead; so having followed my guide, who was directed by a black line traced in the roof, I came to a staircase, half a mile east of the road to Orleans, which I had crossed underground, and once more issued into the sunshine.

I next made the best of my way towards another object, hardly less wonderful and much more pleasing, namely, the Artesian well, said to be the greatest *bore* in the world. The object for which it was dug, was to supply Paris with pure water, by the process of boring to an immense depth. The work began on the last day of the year 1836, and about two o'clock on the 26th of February, 1841, water rose, and, bursting out with great force, broke through the machinery that surrounded the top of the tube. It now rises 112 feet above the ground, and yields six hundred gallons per minute. The water is warm, and when first drawn effervescing. I took a draught of it; but I found it by no means pleasant or wholesome.

I now walked towards the Ecole Militaire, in front of which, looking towards the Seine, is the famous "Champ de Mars," a flat, barren looking place, having four rows of stunted bushes on each side, dignified by the name of trees, and a sloping embankment extending nearly its whole length. Here, however, several extraordinary historical events have been celebrated.

In 1790, Louis XVI. made oath on this spot to maintain the new Constitution, at the "Fête de la Fédération," and here Napoleon held the famous



"Champ de Mai," before the battle of Waterloo; and here too, in 1830, King Louis-Philippe distributed to the National Guards their colours.

The next place I visited was the Chamber of Deputies, which adjoins and originally formed part of the Palais Bourbon. The chamber itself is a very handsome room, in the form of a half-oval, lighted from the roof. It is ornamented with twenty-four columns of white marble, of the Ionic order, having

capitals of bronze gilt. The president's chair and the tribune forms the centre of the axis of the semi-oval, and is fitted up with crimson cloth, decorated with gold; above the centre seat is a large painting, representing Louis-Philippe swearing to the Charter. Between the columns are statues of Order and Liberty; and bas-reliefs are placed underneath, representing the presentation of the Charter to Louis-Philippe, and the distribution of the colours to the National Guard. The roof is flat, and ornamented with arabesques.

In speaking, the members do not speak from their places, as they do in our Houses of Lords and Commons; but the speaker is obliged to mount a raised platform, called the tribune, from whence he recites his speech, generally from paper. Each deputy has a fixed desk in front of him; and I was amused to find many of them adorned with various grotesque marks, lines, faces and nondescript figures, made by the members when cogitating, or to amuse themselves, when listening to a dull speaker.

On the south of the chamber is the grand vestibule,

adorned with Corinthian columns and marble statues of Louis-Philippe, as well as of Bailly, Mirabeau, Casimir Perier and Floy, and beyond, is an elegant reception room, with richly painted compartments.

The Salle des Conférences has some fine pictures by Heim: one represents Louis the Fat presiding at an assembly of bishops, counts and barons, drawing up an ordonnance for the enfranchisement of the commons in 1186; another exhibits Louis VII. presiding at one of the first sittings of the Cour des Comptes; a third represents Charlemagne surrounded by the princes and nobles of France, while his "Capitularies" are being read; and a fourth shows the people applauding St. Louis, for the public regulations he instituted before his departure for Africa. The chamber also contains a fine statue of Henry IV., and is decorated with flags taken from the Austrians during the empire.

Such were the result of another day's travelling about the streets of Paris, and having seen so much, and walked so far, I found my eyes and my legs inclined to ache, and was glad to return to my hotel.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNDAY IN PARIS.—SISTERS OF CHARITY.—PUNCH AND JUDY.—
FAIR IN THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

SUNDAY is an odd sort of day in Paris. I have always had a feeling of reverence for that holy day; and I believe the manner in which it is generally spent in my own country to be the proper medium between asceticism, on the one hand, and indifference, on the other. It seems to me to be a most important duty to set apart one day in seven for the service of God, and on that day to rest from the common occupations of life; and therefore I am not much disposed to approve of the idle light-heartedness

which the French feel on this day; at the same time, I am so delighted to see folks happy, that I should be sorry to judge or speak too harshly regarding them, from my impressions of a first Sunday in Paris.

It was a bright morning; and, when I sallied forth, I was surprised to find all the shops open, and every one busy at his daily toil. The same hum of business, the same dashing and driving about of the citadines and omnibuses, the same rush over the bridges; and it seemed even a more than an usual degree of dirt in the streets. As the day advanced, I, however, saw some sights more in accordance with the day. The Sisters of Charity were to be met, sometimes walking two and two, carrying food to the destitute, or wine and medicine to the sick; and now and then a long string of children, very prettily dressed in white, were going to church. The churches were open, as they always are, and mass was being performed in every one of them; people of every description were passing in and out, but there seemed to be nothing of solemnity in the services. I went

myself to the Protestant church, were the service was performed in English. When I came out, Paris was ten times busier than before. The shops glittered with new decorations; the wine-shops, the cafés, the public places, the gardens, were crowded. Thousands were passing to and fro in spencer dresses, for the lounge, the walk, or the dance, or the spree, with eyes beaming joy, and with light toes and lighter hearts. Towards the gardens of the Tuileries most of them were speeding. Cabs were rattling along every street, and dashing round every corner; by degrees, double or treble rows of chairs were placed and occupied on each side of every walk that was wide enough, while the whole space between was a moving mass of pleasure and gaiety.

At the corners of the churches, and on their very steps, the touters from the playhouses were delivering their bills. Dancing-rooms in every quarter were open; cafés began to show their little parties; the Boulevards were thronged; Punch and Judy were fighting their domestic quarrels, and making their well-known noise; dancing dogs; comical monkeys;

goats walking on stilts; conjuring mounteoanks; lotteries; gambling booths; lucky bags; rouge-et-noir; were all to be seen in the Champs Elysées. While rope-dancing, horsemanship, and booths for theatricals, were loudly announced in every quarter.

Bad as all this is on a Sunday, it has one redeeming quality. You not only see idle young people dashing about, as we see them in this country, knowingly desecrating the Sabbath, and under a conviction that they are doing so; but in Paris you observe the father and mother, accompanied by their children, all neatly dressed, enjoying themselves. Here fathers are playing battledore and shuttlecock with their little children; and many a happy, elderly mother may be seen leaning on the arm of her son. Fathers too are to be seen, with their grown-up young men, enjoying themselves under the shade of the trees; and the whole scene, notwithstanding it is not according to our notions of Sunday, had something about it which appealed powerfully to the heart. Of this I am sure, that sons and daughters in Paris love their parents as much as they do in this country.

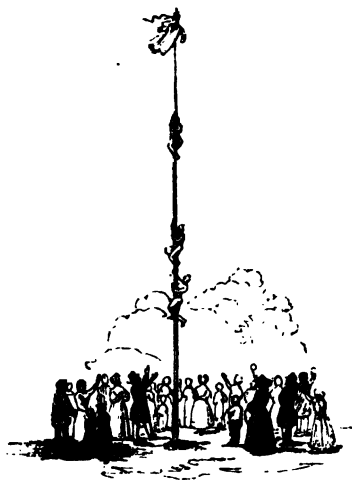
Among the tents and the booths, and the long rows of stalls, for the sale of all sorts of nicknacks and refreshments, including sugar-and-water, and barley-sugar, in great quantities, were to be found, raised on small platforms, the buffoons, the harlequins, the scaramouches, and the jugglers. I stepped into a crowd of persons, who were listening to a person of serious aspect, who sat upon a platform; he held a cat and discoursed thus: "Voilà messieurs, un animal qui est digné de fixer l'attention du public. Il-à les oreilles du chat les pattes d'au chat: enfin la queue, le poid, la tête, et le corps du chat. Eh bien! messieurs, ce n'est pas un chat. Qu'est ce donc que cet animal? C'est une chatte."

At a few steps further was another individual, who recommended remedies for all diseases: "Here is my powder, gentlemen, patented by the king; it cures the earach, the toothach, and scabby dogs; *à sex sous, messieurs! c'est incroyable, c'est pour rien!* and here is my dentrifice, which cleans and preserves the teeth of both sexes. You see this child!" Here he exhibited a child, whose teeth were in a frightful con-

dition, being stained black ; “ You see this boy—his teeth are foul with blackness—you shall see the effect of my dentrifice ; I dip my finger into it, touch his mouth, and what a change! *Voila!*” Here he laid the child across his knees, and rubbed off the stain, and exhibited him with teeth of ivory to the spectators. “ Behold, gentlemen, the effect of my powder!” And hereupon he sold several boxes.

One of the most striking of all the exhibitions was the *Mat de Cocagne*, that is, the greased pole. It was above twenty feet high; on the top of it was a rich prize of a handsome smock frock. The first who attempt to ascend the pole look for no honour, and merely expend their energies in cleaning it with their trousers, as they climb up as high as they can. In everything, the first steps are the most difficult, from the Latin Grammar to climbing the *Mat de Cocagne*; and in gaining many of the more serious affairs of life, it happens that the same person does not commence an enterprise and reap the fruits of its accomplishment. As to the climbers up the greased pole, all efforts, at first, seemed to be ineffectual. Now and then a pre-

tender essays his awkward limbs; and, reaching scarcely half-way, falls down clumsily, amid the laughter of the spectators. But now a victorious climber has



transcended the point at which his predecessors were arrested; further and further he ascends; now he makes another hitch—now he struggles—clings—again a little higher—higher still—but he pants—he looks

distressed—he reposes. In the meantime, exclamations are heard of doubt, of success, of encouragement. After a lapse of a minute or more, which is itself a fatigue, he essays again—it is in vain—he begins even to shrink—he has slipped downwards a few inches, and recovers his loss by an obstinate struggle. Now they applaud—but, alas, he is exhausted, he can do no more, his legs tremble—a murmur is heard from the crowd, of half-raillery, half-compassion—and down he goes to the very bottom, mortified and enraged; but his defeat seems to show the possibility of success to another adventurer, who follows him; and from the pole having by this time had nearly all the grease rubbed off, he mounts with less difficulty, bears off the prize, and obtains the applause.

Such are the scenes to be witnessed in Paris on a Sunday.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PARLEY GOES TO COURT, AND IS PRESENTED TO THE KING.—
THE COURT BALL.

I HAD a great desire to go court, to see the French people enjoying, as I supposed, all the gold and glitter and gorgeousness of the palaces they had so sumptuously adorned. By the kindness of an old friend of mine, I easily obtained a proper introduction, and, being properly attired, at an appointed hour, I stepped into a *remise*, which is a hired carriage which looks like your own; and, with my card of introduction in my hand, I ordered the coachman to drive to the Tuileries. Alighting at the broad steps, and after

writing my name in the hall, I was conducted into the rooms.

Imagine a long suite of rooms, and the edges all around embroidered with beautiful ladies, dressed with infinite taste, and glowing in all the charms of beauty, in a blaze of diamonds and precious stones, with a host of lustres pouring down a blaze of light upon their charms; while the central part of the rooms is filled with gentlemen, clad in various fashions, mostly military, in all perhaps amounting to about four thousand. I was astounded at the splendid scene before me. The jewels were the most superb I had ever seen; one lady had on her head and shoulders, and a very ordinary, Mrs.-Malaprop-sort-of-a-lady she was too in appearance, at least enough diamonds, I should think, to have bought the whole Duchy of Cornwall; another had a tiara of which the value would have made a railway from Paris to London. These *ladies* were wives of some of the foreign ambassadors.

The king, the queen, the king's excellent sister, the princes and princesses, and the little Count de Paris,

entered about nine o'clock. They passed slowly round the room, saluting the ladies very gracefully; and I could not help admiring the very kind and benevolent expression of the king's face, mixed as it was with a strong cast of deep and sagacious thought. He said a few words to many of the ladies, with a gentle inclination of the head. At the end of this fatiguing ceremony, the royal party drew towards the great door, and bowed to us gentlemen all in a lump. I had ensconced myself in a corner, like a modest man; but the little Count of Paris, while the royal party were passing, made a very pretty little congé to me, and said, "How do you do, Peter Parley?" To me this was more gratifying than even a word from the king, much as I admire him. My young friends will know why.

The king, queen and family now took their place in a room beyond the one in which we were, opening upon it with large folding doors; the king standing on the right of the queen, and the princes surrounding them. A long file led to the royal personages, through which those that were to be presented.

had to pass. I gave my name and country to the aid-de-camp, who pronounced it aloud; and I went up to his majesty and bent my person, with a feeling of real honour and respect. The king smiled very affably, and a bright gleam of light shot from his brilliant black eyes. He seemed as if he was just about to speak to me, when a nudge at my elbow from a gentleman in waiting, told me to move on. This intimation I promptly obeyed; walked to the other door, and went to my hotel, to reflect upon what I had seen.

A few days after this, I obtained the "entré" to one of the court balls, which are, if it is possible, more brilliant than the levées. They are held at the Tuileries, where a long row of rooms are opened *en suite*, and illuminated by a stream of light, which shows off the brilliant furniture and dresses to the greatest advantage.

The king and queen, when they entered, graciously bowed to the crowd, and said a few civil things to those who had the good fortune to be nearest to them.

The dancing then commenced, and was very gracefully and spiritedly kept up for some time. After the



dancing, we partook of refreshments in the Salle de Diane, where I had an opportunity of seeing how royal people ate and drank. There were above a thousand ladies who sat down, and were served on precious porcelain, more precious than gold, or upon gold itself, while richly dressed gentlemen waited on them. The display of viands was the choicest, the most delicate, and the most various I had ever seen. The wine mantled in golden flagons, or in vessels that emulated diamonds and pearls.

As I rode home from this gorgeous sight. I could

but reflect that I was glad to have seen it for once in my life, though I do not desire ever to see it again. The solid comforts, and quiet, unceremonious intercourse of my own fireside, and my own circle of friends, have charms which I would not exchange for the glittering splendour and heartless ceremony of a palace.



CHAPTER XXIV.

A MASQUERADE.—PARLEY IS RECOGNISED BY A LADY.—PORTE
ST. MARTIN.—THE FINISHING PEEP, ETC.

PARIS is famous for its masquerades. Those held at the grand Opera House are the most fashionable. The Boulevards are then all alive with people waiting to see the company go and return. The galleries, the windows, the roofs of houses, are all occupied by multitudes. Cavalcades, the most grotesque and fantastic, are passing up one side of the street and retiring by the other, while the margin, the middle, and all the interstices are filled with persons on foot, vying with each other in every variety of ridiculous attitude and

action, and all as intent upon what they are about as if they were engaged upon some main object of their existence.

Religion, morals, politics all come in for their share of ridicule in these exhibitions. There goes a man, dressed like an archbishop, with his tithe pig; and there a man on the back of an ass, kicking its sides most ridiculously, without increasing its speed. Here



are some caricatures of Englishmen, bluff and burly, with roast-beef under one arm and plum-pudding under the other. There a two years' old baby in breeches and silk hose, is giving pap to his papa, a great Irish giant of a man, seven feet or more, in a

slobbering bib. Then followed a whole host of guitar men, country maidens, sisters of charity, men in armour, Frankensteins and monsters, goddesses of beauty, Dianas with silver-bows and crescent-shaped head-dresses. On one occasion, I was told, that a person appeared in the character of a *Macaroni*, covered with the cakes which are called by that name, of the most delicious flavour, on every part of his person. He moved about, asking every one to eat of him, which numbers did ; but all of them soon after were seized with sensations, which prevented them remaining longer in the assembly, owing to a strong dose of Ipecachuana, with which the cakes were charged.

At the grand opera, the ladies only are masked, and all are in the same dress, so that you cannot distinguish one from the other. You may, however, easily tell the very old from the very young by the agility of their movements. If they chose to be known by certain persons in the assembly, they have their signals. One lady, whose voice and manner of expression, seemed far too good for such

a place, called me by my name, "Peter Parley;" for I went in my own character. This I did not mind; but when she added something which I knew was known to but very few persons, I would have given worlds to discover who she could be. I asked her for a single line of poetry, or even a word that might lead me to recognise her in the great world without; and she said in English, "Peter Parley's Peep at Paris;" so I determined to make her fair words the title of my book, and to carve or post them throughout London.

The house on these occasions contains many thousands, and is filled from the centre to the circumference, and all the corners besides. The orchestra is at the further end of the stage; the pit or *parterre* is floored; and the immense stage forms an area for the noisy and romping company; while those who prefer it, occupy the boxes or galleries.

While all the hubbub was going on, suddenly a sylph-like form dashed forth upon the stage. She resembled an angel—such as they are commonly represented—and had wings. First she made a pro-

found curtsy; she then suddenly rose in a pirouette at least two yards high; she then set off like a flash of lightning, and flew over the whole breadth of the stage, lighting on it only two or three times. Immediately she presented herself in almost every variety of posture of which the human figure is capable. One moment her many twinkling feet were suspended high in air, then twirling herself round, she poised herself on the extremity of her left toe, while the spectators held their breath, till she gave herself a spin, continuing it *in crescendo*, till she became invisible. You could no more count her legs than you could the spokes of a tandem at a trotting match.

Such was my peep at the masquerade. I did not descend into the lower mysteries of Paris, for I had already seen more wickedness in the world than pleased me; but I heard a young man relating his experience in some of the worst kinds of *Parisian Life*, as he called it. He had been to some of the dancing places of the Palais Royal, and witnessed those orgies which seem to bring man to the lowest

level. He said that he descended into an immense room underground, where he found a great number of the lowest class of Parisians dressed up for a dance or masquerade. At the farthest end of the room rushed out a savage upon a stage, and puffed upon twenty instruments, beat furiously a range of drums with his toes, hands, feet and heels, to the infinite merriment of spectators. Then followed a round of



dancing, frolicking and uproar, such as I shall forbear to describe.

From this and more of the same kind, that I learned from eye-witnesses, I concluded that the low life of Paris was distinguished by much of the same

kind of light-hearted gaiety as the higher. There is a great deal in both, no doubt, that the English may be ready to despise and condemn; but, in doing so, let us not forget that we too have our national faults; and that there are some good qualities possessed by the French (as my young readers must have learned from what I have told them in this book) in a greater degree than by the English. I shall now conclude, as I began, expressing a hope, that hereafter the Englishman and Frenchman may cease to look upon each other as natural enemies; and that instead of fighting, they may do as much good to each other as they possibly can.



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